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The Forest

By MAXIM GORKY

WE were beginning to get tired, Dr. Polkanoff and I, tramping for two days upon the hot sands along the banks of the lazy Oka, past the unfourishing Kazan fields, under the sun of the last days of May—rather too strenuous that year, it threatened with drought. We had already elucidated yesterday all the most intricate problems of civilisation and culture, establishing that man's inquisitive reason will disentangle all the knots and loops of the social imbroglio, solve all the riddles of life and freeing mankind from the chaos of misery, from the dark abyss of doubts, make it God-like.

But, after we had emptied the wallets of our knowledge, scattering our wisdom in front of each other in the blossom of words that we exchanged on the way, our journey became more irksome and tedious. At noon we came across a shepherd, a small, dry little man with coarse reddish hairs growing on the bones of his face. He had chased his herd to the river and advised us:

'Why don't you pass through the woods; it's cooler that way; the forest is an ancient one, called the Murom forest. If you cross it aslant it will bring you straight out to Murom'.

The wood rose in an impenetrable blueish wall some three versts away from the river. Thanking the shepherd, we followed a small land-mark, leading across

a field of rye; the shepherd, clicking his whip, cried out to us:

'Look out you don't get lost in the wood. Better go to the village and fetch old Peter; he'll show you the way for a few pennies'.

We went to the village, consisting of some fifteen houses pressing close to each other on the slope of the valley, over a toy-river that hurriedly, almost fearfully, flowed out from the forest.

Dignified, grey-bearded Peter, with a cheerless expression in his grey eyes, was mending a barrel, fixing a new bottom to it; he listened in silence to our offer, while the stout peasant who smoked his pipe as he watched him working, said to us:

'He'll take you there all right. He's the very best guide we have in the district; knows the forest as well as his own beard'.

Peter's beard was not long, not thick and his whole appearance neat, unlike a peasant's, very steady and quiet. A fine, soft and humble face.

'We—ll?' he uttered, pushing the barrel aside with his long foot, in a bast-shoe. 'All right. I'm game. With God's help, let's go. What will you give me? Fifty copeks?'

The stout peasant seemed to be in very good spirits and spoke with animation.

'Fifty copeks is a small sum. Take me, for instance. I would not go for that price! And this is a knowing man. He'll get you right to Murom by night. You'll take the foot-path?'

'The foot-path', Peter said with a sigh.

We started. Peter, tall and straight, a long crook in his hand, walked in front and never uttered a word—as though he were absent altogether. He answered the doctor's questions without turning round, shortly and quietly.

'Not so bad. We're used to it. What shall I say? Rather a drudge, of course'.

When he said 'Even an ant gets used to life', Dr. Polkanoff almost clapped his hands in admiration; he remembered Wood, Lubbock, Brehm, and spoke for a long time with great appreciation of the mysterious life of ants, of the unobtrusive wisdom of the Russian people and the eloquent precision of their language.

Entering the forest, Peter tore off his cap, made the sign of the cross and announced to us:

'Here it begins, the forest'.

At first we followed the road. Running between the trunks of sturdy fir-trees, their roots intersecting the deep sand, trampled by many cart-wheels, it lay in ingenious curves, that looked like grey dead serpents. After half a mile's walk, our guide stopped, glanced at the sky, struck his stick against a tree, and, always in silence, sharply swerved on to a path almost indiscernible under the needles and leading among dwarf pine-growths; dry fir-cones crackled under the feet, breaking the solemn silence—the latter was very much like the impressive calm of an ancient church in which no one has officiated for a long time, but the air of which is still pungent with the smell of incense and wax. In the greenish dusk, here and there pierced by sharp sun-rays, the bronze pillars of the fir-trees covered with the green acid of lichen and lumps of grey moss, seemed arrayed in golden ribbons. Between their shaggy paws the velvet of the sky glimmered in blue designs.

Later on, when we penetrated deeper inside the forest, it appeared to me that the latter suddenly awoke to life in a marvellous way. Instead of the nightingale, whistled the thrushes; numerous purple cross-bills laboriously peeled the pine-cones with their hooked noses, the elusive linnet hurried along the tree trunks like a grey mouse, the woodpecker monotonously pecked the bark, the anxious tit-mouses chirruped, the fawn-coloured squirrels soared in the air from one tree-top to the other, their tails outspread.

And in spite of all that everything was so still that even Dr. Polkanoff realised in a silence like that the cleverest words would have been out of place.

'A hare', said our guide and sighed.

I had not noticed it. The path, if there was such a thing, surprised me by its whimsical character. Where it should have run straight it drew sometimes a circular line round a separate group of trees; on the other hand, there, where the trees lay in front of it in a compact wall with shrubs of blackberries growing at their roots, it precipitated itself at them with an uprightness that seemed superfluous to me, and, invisible, plunged into the jungle.

'We're coming to the ravine', Peter warned us in a low voice.

Two miles further on I asked him:

'And the ravine, where is it?'

'Must have passed us sideways', said the old man; and, glancing up at the sky, he added:

'It's that hare'.

Dr. Polkanoff informed himself:

'Have we gone astray?'

'Why should we?' asked the guide.

But when dusk began to fall and we felt sufficiently weary—it became obvious to us that we had gone astray. The doctor suggested it again politely to the old man and received a peremptory answer:

'Why, I've done this bit of road at least forty times before. Another mile's time and we'll get to the opening, come out on to the waste-ground, pass it sideways and get back into the forest. From there Murom is already seen to the eye'.

He quietly went on measuring off the *sajens** with his crook as he spoke and walked on without stopping, retreating before obstacles unseen to me and not paying much heed to the ones seen to the eye. The 'mile's time' which he had appointed to us stretched out to an hour's walk, the opening and the waste-ground had obviously also 'passed us sideways', undesirous to be seen by us. At last we came out on to a small meadow; a silvery moon hung above it, lighting up a heap of carbonised logs, and among these the black broken chimney of a demolished stove; it all resembled the meticulous and zealous work of an unskilled landscape-painter.

'I have been here before', the guide declared to us, looking round. 'It is a watchman's hut; a forest-guard used to live here. A great drunkard'.

The doctor said firmly and not too cheerfully:

'We have lost our way'.

'Looks a bit like it', the old man half-acquiesced, cautiously taking off his cap and looking at the moon. 'It's the hare that crossed our path', he complained. 'We turned too sharply to the left. It's difficult to find one's way by day—at night the star shows you where you've got to go—but by day the sky is empty'.

And poking the log under his feet with his stick, he added with a sigh:

'Upon a bald head, even a louse doesn't thrive'.

This peculiar supplement seemed unnecessary to me. We decided to rest and eat, and settled ourselves upon the logs, polished by many showers. The provident doctor pulled some bread, sausage and eggs out of his wallet, unscrewed a glass from his thermos-flask, in a leather case, poured some brandy into it and offered it:

'To our guide'.

The old man, with a sign of the cross to the moon, drank it down, saying, with amazement:

'A strong drink! Is it infused with incense, or what?'

Then for a long time he went on chewing sausage, eating eggs, and after the third glass told us:

'I will not hide from you, my kind gentlemen, that we've gone astray, and I cannot for the life of me make out which road we should now follow. You see for yourselves what a dreary forest, pines and again pines, and no difference between them at all. I'll tell you the truth. I don't care for this forest. And as to the fame that I'm the best expert on it—that's a silly tale that shameless people have spread out of sheer devilry. False accusation, I should call it, and 'twas a monkey that started it all. You see, there once lived a widowed woman from Moscow down here, by Elatma. She lived with her monkey, and this cursed little animal ran away from her. See for yourselves; a beast of the forest catching sight of trees naturally said to itself: "Good gracious, they've brought me back to Austria, have they?" and dashed out of the window into the woods, leaving the woman to weep and lament the loss of the beast, promising ten roubles to whoever would find it. This was all a long time ago, some thirty years back. At that time ten roubles meant a cow, not only a mere monkey. I, among others, offered to catch it, and for four days wandered about hunting for the wretch. I was stubborn and my poverty, too, pushed me on. I must have wandered round more than one hundred versts in this forest at the time. That bitch of a monkey I soon caught sight of and kept following her and calling "'ks, 'ks, 'ks, come on Mary!" But she had a temper of her own, dashed from one tree to the other, made faces at me, teased me and squeaked like a gosling. The birds, too, seemed to excite the mean creature; she chased them about, but of course in vain, for how should a monkey catch a Russian bird? Notwithstanding all my stubbornness I got rather sick of it and hungry too, for there's no good in feeding upon berries, and I had pursued her for a whole day, a whole night—no joke, that! I prayed: "Dear

(Continued on page 223)

*Russian measure of length, about two metres

Art

Sculpture in Wood—I

By ALEC MILLER

This article traces the historical development of wood-carving: in a second, next week, Mr. Miller will discuss some contemporary tendencies

MAN is a tool-using animal', says Carlyle. One of the first materials shaped by this tool-using animal was wood. It must have suggested itself to the prehistoric artist long before the more difficult and intractable bone remnant of a feast. Wood is a common material, and a carving tool is quite a simple implement. Judging by

some Egyptian pictures of makers of statuary, there is very little difference between the tools of 4000 B.C. and those of today. There are a few tools made nowadays of fantastic curves, not segmental, which, though occasionally useful, are, on the whole, to be avoided.

The most useful of the woods used are oak, walnut, mahogany, lime and pine: for work on a small scale pear and boxwood are often used. The process of carving wood is rather more difficult than that of stone, or even marble-carving. This difficulty is hardly recognised at all by judging committees, and the halo of classical respectability about marble will admit work to an exhibition which,

if done in the more common but more intractable material of wood, would almost surely be refused.

For some strange and inexplicable reason the wood-carver's craft has steadily declined since the Renaissance. It is possible that the medium of wood was despised because so little classical sculpture in that material had survived, and marble was accepted as the sculptural medium. Wood and stone had been extensively used in the Middle Ages, but these ages were dismissed by the Renaissance pedants as 'Gothic' or 'barbarous'. It is probable, however, that wood was used anciently much more than was thought by the Renaissance.

It is certain that wood was used to a considerable extent in earlier Greek sculpture; possibly this was connected with tree and pillar worship: at any rate, the earlier statues often keep the pillar-like form, and the toes are merely indicated by gouge cuts—a form easy and natural in wood, but difficult in

stone. I cannot help feeling that the common ascription to 'a wood original' wherever in early classical sculpture is found a statue carved in flat and simple planes (like the seated figures from Branchidae) is often quite wrong. It is no more natural to carve wood in flat planes than it is to carve stone or marble. One of the fundamental distinctions between wood-carving and stone-carving is that for wood one uses almost entirely gouges of varying curves, while for stone one seldom uses gouges, but almost entirely chisels. In consequence of this there is a real distinction between the treatment of stone and wood, and a good craftsman, if he were copying, say, a stone figure into wood, would express the difference of material by the kind of tool-cuts he used.

Many fine statues and reliefs in wood have survived from Ancient Egypt, the most notable, perhaps, being one of the earliest known statues—that of the plump official called the 'Sheik-el-Beled'. And one of the most striking characteristics of this Early Egyptian art is its sense of individual personality. This highly individualised portraiture is no accidental quality, and the explanation of the sculptor's pre-occupation with individual resemblance is to be found in their religious beliefs. The attempt to achieve an almost illusive realism was made solely to persuade the spirit or soul of the dead to reside in the duplicated body of the statue. The hunger for personal immortality was the central tenet of Egyptian religion; thus the search for illusive realistic portraiture, with its influence on the destiny of the soul, is the focus and explanation of Egyptian sculpture. This fine realism of the early work gave way to

convention and symbolism, and finally to formulae and that petrifying finality of definition, which narrowed the range of the artists and so kept them from the search for new forms and new modes of expression so characteristic of the eager and questioning Greek. These Greeks took over the Egyptian traditional figures and, applying their own intellectual outlook to their problems, they speedily transformed the Egyptian hierarchy of gods and the Egyptian formulae for statuary into a Pantheon of fair and beautiful aspects: Pausanias, that inde-



The Sheik-el-Beled: Egyptian wood statue of the Fourth Dynasty

E.N.A.



Madonna and Child, by Jacopo della Quercia (early fifteenth century)

Photograph: Giraudon



Head of a Statue of St. Elizabeth, by Tilman Riemenschneider (1505)
From 'Neuerwerbungen des Germanischen Museums in Nürnberg, 1921-24'

fatigable Baedeker of the second century A.D., has noted in this Guide to Greece hundreds of wooden statues which had survived to his day and many of these were the oldest and most sacred figures in the temples. These were probably very primitive and either like the so-called cycladic figures, thin slabs shaped roughly and in almost flat relief, or like tree trunks, of which the marble Hera from Samos, in the Louvre, is probably a derivation.

But many of the wood figures described by Pausanias are plainly not at all primitive: Athenas in wood and ivory, a great Dionysus in ebony, 'gilt except for the face which is painted'—a Zeus of pear-wood—an Æsculapius at Corinth—of which he 'can't distinguish the wood because the statue wears a woollen tunic and cloak', which shows how far realism had gone in sculptural representation.

In the development of their own genius the spirit of Greek art changed gradually from simplicity to complication, from contemplative serenity to dramatic interest. The impulse behind this change—which is not so much a decline as a turning towards new paths—was the desire to make sculpture express more than the material would hold. The passion for definition and speculation could find no adequate expression in form and so turned to philosophy, which grew strong, searching and acute just when art lost its serene and noble qualities.

Roman architecture and art, with its constant iteration of Roman principles and details, was too much a routine formula to develop a great school of craftsmen. It is probably reasonable to surmise that marble was the sculptor's medium and that wood was regarded as a baser material (an idea still persisting in exhibition selecting committees).

The Roman villa, stereotyped over a vast empire from Carthage and Timgar to Spain and up to Chedworth, may have been a sign of administrative power, but its fixity of type is a sign of creative sterility and no great school of craftsmanship can thus arise. Roman and Byzantine wood sculpture probably resembled Roman and Byzantine work in ivory, and relief work in marble or stone, and not till the rise of the mediæval civilisation was there any great European school of wood sculpture.

Eastern sculpture had little influence on the development of European art, and for the purposes of this article it seems simpler to confine one's studies to Western art.

The connecting link in the field of wood sculpture between the ancient and the mediæval world is perhaps that of the Byzantine ivory reliefs. The long quarrel over the use of images

seems to have ended in a sort of ecclesiastical compromise; or perhaps the compromise grew out of the lack of a decision after 150 years of dissension. The quarrel gave us the useful word 'iconoclast', and, alas, it caused the destruction of numberless works of classical and early Christian art. The compromise seemed to allow relief sculpture—while forbidding images in the round, and it is significant that it was then that there arose the great school of mosaic artists.

From the seventh century to the twelfth, very few free standing statues were made in Europe, but relief sculpture abounds especially in stone and ivory. But by the end of the twelfth century the interest in natural forms evidenced by the gradual abandonment of the Byzantine tradition and the interest in natural philosophy evidenced by the popularity of such teachers as

Peter Abelard and Arnold of Brescia, showed that new and potent forces were at work: this breaking down of formulæ both in the arts and in thought is characteristic of the time, and the close relation of the two seems obvious. A noble architectural or sculptural style can hardly arise until it has behind it a movement of combined and united effort, and the great movement which created Gothic architecture, with all its subsidiary crafts and activities, could



Carving on the choir stalls of Amiens Cathedral
(early sixteenth century)



The Judgment of Solomon carved on a *miserere* in the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey (early sixteenth century)

Photograph: W. F. Mansell

not have arisen in power except as the expression of a civic and religious life widened and transformed by new intellectual discoveries. This vigorous expanding life expressed itself in architecture and craftsmanship of a robust and vital power.

A little Gothic figure, or even a crockett set beside a classical æanthus or Renaissance ornament, stands out with a kind of prickly independence and vitality, much as a song of Burns' or a phrase of Blake's stands out from Pope's 'Pastorals' or Thomson's 'Seasons'. This sense of energy and abounding life seems to mark almost all mediæval work, and there is about a Gothic cathedral, with its vital, sinewy lines, its numberless statues, and carved stallwork—making it a veritable encyclopædia of all knowledge — some sense of the fertility and fecundity of Nature itself. The earliest surviving wooden statues date from the thirteenth century. By the end of the fourteenth and during the fifteenth centuries there were in Northern Europe, covering France, Germany, Flanders and England, great schools of sculpture. These craftsmen worked in wood, alabaster and almost all the stones (even at times the igneous granites).

Local schools arose and a certain amount of specialism. Pisa, for instance, seems to have had a group of wood carvers who specialised in annumerative figures, and in the whole range of wood sculpture it would be hard to surpass these. They are remarkable for a very beautiful reserve. The movements and gestures are of the very slightest and yet expressive and tender. These are chiefly done in walnut wood. Nearly all the Italian sculptors worked in wood at times.

Vasari tells a delightful story of Donatello and Brunelleschi each carving a crucifix in competition; and Jacopo della Quercia (whose very name is 'of the oak') has a seated Madonna and child in the Louvre, over life-size, which has something of the grandeur of Michelangelo. But the culminating point in the craft of wood sculpture was at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. See it in the stall-work and *misereres* of the Henry VII chapel in Westminster Abbey, or at New College, Ely and Chester—above all at Amiens—and you realise how rich a flowering time it was. It would be hard indeed to find more consummate

craftsmanship than at Amiens; the scale is never large, yet even with a rather coarse-grained wood like oak, figures were carved in hundreds. There are 3,650 figures there and hardly one which is not distinguished in treatment and excellent in conception. The contract was drawn up in 1508 and by July six or eight carvers were at work at the rate of three sous a day for the simple workmen and seven sous of Tournai a day for the master, Arnold Boulin. The entire work was ended in 1522, and, the accounts being audited by the chapter, the total cost was 9,488 livres 11 sous, or roughly 400 English pounds.

During those very years Germany was rent in twain by the defiance of Luther, and among his devoted adherents was a man of marvellous beauty, marvellous powers as an artist and great intellectual curiosity. There was much in Albrecht Durer of that universality which is so marked in his contemporary Leonardo. Durer designed endless woodcuts which were printed on wood blocks and sold for a few pence, and though no wood-carvings are known to be actually from his hands (there is one stone relief figure) his designs were constantly used and adopted by contemporary carvers and his influence in Northern Europe was immense.

In the studio of Michel Wolgemuth there was a young fellow apprentice of Durer's called Tilman Riemenschneider, and this young Franconian became one of the greatest masters of wood sculpture.

The St. Anne and St. Joseph walnut wood group at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a work of absolutely mastered craft. The restless crinkled drapery is in the fashion of the day (and much used by Durer) but the face of St. Anne with its tender gravity and its marked sense of mood and style, and the hands, are subtle and beautifully expressive. Two small heads are also at South Kensington, which though they used to be attributed to Durer (and for some curious reason called Adam and Eve!) are now attributed to Riemenschneider; these for delicacy and grace and refinement of surface are as exquisite as any Florentine work. They are in pear wood, and the heads are about three inches high. Two other great craftsmen of this time are Vert Stoss and Hans Bruggeman, both of whom show great dramatic



Mater Dolorosa, by an unknown Spanish sculptor (seventeenth century)

Victoria and Albert Museum



Panel carved by Grinling Gibbons in the Throne Room at Windsor (circa 1678)

From 'Grinling Gibbons and the Woodwork of his Age', by H. Auray Tipping (Country Life)

power and superb skill. All this mediæval work from the thirteenth century to the sixteenth is characterised by fresh and masterly technique. There is about the wood St. John in the Louvre of the Blent, as there is about those supreme works, the stone angels in Westminster, a sort of spiritualised realism; while in the later work the insistence on costume and the dramatic emphasis increased, yet it was still a very largely unselfconscious art. The actual technique of oak carving may be studied not only in such lovely stall-work as at Chester and Ely, but in about a hundred wooden effigies which still survive. Today it may seem odd that life-sized recumbent effigies were often made of wood, but there is no doubt that wooden figures were almost as common as stone or alabaster ones. The wood was coated with gesso and coloured and evidently such details as, for instance, the mitre or crozier of an ecclesiastic, were added in bronze or silver.

The seventeenth century saw the rise of a school of carvers in which technical skill had outrun the sense of design. Those great pulpits all over Flanders where flying cherubs hold up a curtain or a dust sheet as sounding boards, are marvellous in skill but uninteresting as works of art. The famous one at Antwerp where St. Peter and St. Andrew, life-sized, are launching a boat on to wooden waves, with nets and all appurtenances of the most staggering and sensational realism, is a typical example, though in this the sounding board is a wooden cloud on which very solid cherubs play round a rustic cross of St. Andrew!

In England we had Grinling Gibbons (though he may have been of Dutch origin). To most people the very word 'wood-carving' suggests Grinling Gibbons. His is the only known name in the craft at that period; indeed he was a superb craftsman, and has given his name to a kind of carved decora-

tion, on which several large firms subsist to this day. Nothing was outside his range—flowers, small beasts, birds, fishes, nets, cherubs, baskets, wings, caryatids, cornucopias, fruit and fish. He even carved in limewood a lace cravat, which could almost be blown apart. It belonged later to Horace Walpole and a photograph of it is really indistinguishable from a photograph of the lace. Walpole of course was delighted with it. Gibbons' is wonderful work: examine it in St. Paul's, at Windsor, at Petworth, at Chelsea Hospital, and it is always wonderful. It tells us of the great skill of Gibbons and his men, and it speaks of the shallowness of the age. Like a court poet, he can say nothing with consummate skill and at great length. I can only repeat, Gibbons' work is well—even superbly—designed. It is masterly craftsmanship, no advance is possible on his technique, and we must admire it for these fine qualities; yet it is not enough.

The eighteenth century admiration for classicism almost wiped out the wood-sculptors in England and carving became a sort of appendage to the cabinet-makers' craft. True enough Chippendale's chinoiseries demanded skilful carving, but they have little inherent interest. Towards the end of the century carvers turned almost wholly to furniture carving and the beautiful but dull classical carvings needed by those ubiquitous brothers Adam—elegant swags, delicate mouldings, prettily curved fan overdoors, and so on; all as nice as an extract from Thomson's 'Seasons' (and equally tedious). The catalogue of the Crystal Palace exhibition shows that by the middle of the nineteenth century the craft of wood-carving had reached its nadir; and it is hardly surprising to find that a Royal Commission was appointed in 1864 to enquire into the reason for the low state of the craft. There seems to be no published record of the findings of this Commission!

My Glimpse of the New Germany

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

IT is exactly six months since Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of the German Reich. This half-year has been packed with important events, and it is not surprising that people in Europe generally should feel that what is now happening in Germany is more significant than any series of events since the Russian Revolution, or should be saying, as many do, that Central Europe has undergone nothing so startling as the Nazi revolution since Germany became a European Power. I have just been looking at the new Germany from half-a-dozen vantage points; and I will begin this brief report on the situation with two observations—one on a simple matter, the other on a subject of much greater consequence.

The first is concerned with everyday Germany as the visitor sees it. The great excitement in which the Nazi rule began, at the end of last winter, has markedly died down. Germany is outwardly quiet. The ordinary life of the cities and of the countryside, as the harvest is being gathered in, is undisturbed. Germany was always a well-managed country. It is so now, and the whole world has recognised that the German people have done a remarkable job of social restoration since the War. But, of course, at present it is Germany for the Germans. Foreign tourists are few. During the three days of a great Nazi demonstration, of which I will speak in a moment, I did not hear our mother-tongue spoken by a single English person or American. This is not difficult to understand. Apart from every other consideration, the pound sterling with an exchange value of 14s. or less is quite enough to account for the absence of British tourists.

The second point is far more important. Everywhere in Germany today there are signs of a national awakening, a fresh assertion of the national spirit. The evidence is more abundant and more positive than it was at the time of the Hitler election in March. It is a movement, not of politics, but of national, communal emotion, of which Hitler is the centre and the symbol. Without taking account of this concentrated national feeling it would not be possible to explain the rise of so singular a man to the first place in the Reich, and that, too, within a few months of the Lausanne Conference at which the German delegates had gained a notable success for the Republic.

Hitler's ascent has been a surprising romance. Twelve years ago he was the leader of an obscure group in Munich. In 1923 a mad attempt to seize power in Bavaria was easily disposed of and he went to prison. In 1930 his followers, the National Socialists became the largest party in the Reichstag; and a little more than two years later he was the ruler of Germany, having

been lifted to that position largely by the power of his irregular militia, the Brown Shirts.

There is in this country no little curiosity as to the Brown Shirts, their organisation and their place in the Hitler regime. They have been built up into a very large force, uniformed and drilled, though as yet unarmed. They are everywhere in evidence, and are increasing in numbers. The descriptive adjective is incorrect. No shirts in Germany are brown. You may see many men wearing breeches of dark gold-brown, but the Nazi shirt is of light khaki, in varying tints. They were originally recruited altogether from the unemployed, and it is still not easy to say how their numbers are maintained. The best way for me to describe them, as they are, in the mass and on show, is to give you a brief sketch of a great display which I witnessed in mid-July. The present policy of the Nazis is to stimulate popular enthusiasm by holding huge demonstrations in different centres week by week. The one I saw was the great Saxony *Treffen*, or Meet, in Leipzig. The Nazis explained that Saxony had been backward in the nationalist movement; so that Leipzig was just the place for a demonstration on the most impressive scale. The city gave itself up for a week to a huge display of marching, music, and flags: the swastika sign was everywhere in thousands. On the fair-ground there was a vast meeting of workers and employers, addressed by Dr. Ley, Nazi head of the Labour front. There was a torchlight procession through crowded streets. And on Sunday morning there was a review of the Brown Army, which was said to be the biggest march-past so far reviewed by Herr Hitler.

Here, in a few words, is the scene as I saw it from a place on the grand-stand seating 5,000 people, in the central square of Leipzig, one of the finest city squares in Europe.

Hitler stood on a dais, surrounded by Brown Guards and a small company of Regulars. As the Brown Shirts entered the square they thrust out their arms obliquely (not upright) in the old Roman, now the Fascist, salute. The main body marched twelve abreast, in close order. The big parade took a few minutes less than four hours to pass. There were contingents from every city and district of Saxony. There was one large detachment of young men from the labour training camps, and another of the Hitler youth. With the exception of a few companies of regular soldiers and police, this immense body was unarmed—a quarter of a million men and lads marching, in perfect formation, and with empty hands.

My seat was directly facing Hitler, who stood almost continuously at the salute through the four hours. He is a soldierly

figure, bareheaded, with a look of sound health. He is simple, not arrogant, in manner; he has a pleasant way of talking. So far as one could judge, he prefers to behave as an ordinary unpretentious citizen.

Hitler had spoken to the massed Brown Shirts before the march—mainly on matters of duty and discipline. His later speeches have stressed the note of responsibility to the National-Socialist movement. It is as though he felt that the Nazi agitation, with its furious preaching of intolerance and race hatred, had brought into being a monster which he is unable to control. At the review Dr. Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda, stood at Hitler's side. The huge organisation of Nazi propaganda, with its systematic assault upon the schools and the Press, the youth organisations and all others, is under the direction of this man, who has shown a great talent for the work. Under his energetic leadership the German people are being drilled from the cradle. These things are not hidden by the Nazis. They are declared. The Germans are being taught to honour an entirely new company of national heroes, whose names were unknown even to the Germans of wartime. Their portraits are in the shops alongside that of Hitler. They are glorified on the stage and screen. For instance, Schlageter, who was shot by the French in the Rhineland, and Horst Wessel, the author of the Nazi hymn, which is heard on all sides. In theatres and elsewhere this song is sung with religious solemnity, all present making the Nazi salute until the last line is reached. That is Hitler's order. It must be done for the Wessel song, as it is done for 'Deutschland über Alles', which is once again heard all over Germany, to the tune which our English congregations connect with the hymn, 'Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God'.

This intense and overwhelming nationalist fervour is the mark of the new Germany. It is something that the English visitor can feel in the air; and I do not think that any words I could use in describing it could be too strong. We do well to ask what it means, for Germany and her neighbours.

All those who followed Mr. Harrison Brown's talks* on Germany last autumn, before Hitler came into power, will, I think, remember his vivid picture of a lost generation—of young Germany in bitter disillusion, without faith or light, and, as regards some millions of them, without work or hope of getting work. There, undoubtedly, are the roots of the Nazi movement. The first and the chief thing about Hitler is that he has made an appeal to the youth of Germany. He has given them something to believe in, the hope for a new Germany; and it seems plain that large numbers of them are clinging to this hope, without as yet asking from the leader that he should define his position. The chapters from his book published lately in England, show Hitler's political and social beliefs to be a strange mixture of commonsense, wild theory, and dangerous false doctrine. To nearly all Britons, one may be sure, it will seem impossible that upon such beliefs a national and international policy for Germany can be built. That is for the future to show. In the meantime, the fact for us to realise is that Hitler has been instrumental in bringing a new Germany into being, and that his party, during the past half-year, has been ruthlessly hammering the German people into line.

The Nazis at present hold all the power, and they are making their power felt in every department of the national life. Hitler has dissolved all the parties opposed to him. He has abolished the trade unions, who were supposed to be a great power in the State. He has made an end of Press criticism and discussion. And, perhaps most remarkable of all, he has imposed a new constitution on a unified Evangelical Church.

A well-known Berlin correspondent of one of the English daily papers notes a typical feature of the revolution. No position, he writes, is too insignificant for a Nazi to fill:

Wherever Germans gather in an organised group—for prayer, on the tennis courts, at chess tournaments, as hikers—there will be the watchful and attentive Nazi.

That is true, and the traveller in Germany sees continual signs of the spread of that unrelenting control.

Then there are the labour training camps, which are fast being multiplied over the country. The Nazis are proud of them. They show them readily to the foreign inquirer; and when it is pointed out that military drill—or drilling for defence, as they now prefer to call it—forms a large part of the training in the camps, the Nazis reply that the new Germany demands a young manhood as completely fit in body as it is obedient in mind. I saw a number of these labour camps out in the country. The lads at work were clad only in trousers. The upper part of their bodies was burnt as brown as the skin of an Arab. The camp in every case was an example of German thoroughness.

The Nazi Government is, of course, a complete dictatorship. All power is held by Hitler and his group. Such completeness of power, it would appear, can be attained in the modern world, as never before. And since a government of this kind deems the complete control of the news and suppression of debate to be part of the essential right of a revolutionary government, there is no means whereby outsiders can estimate the amount and character of the resistance that has been offered, or judge

how far the better part of the nation condemns those tenets and actions of the dominant party which seem to us indefensible. Most of those who resisted are in prison or in concentration camps; and one unhappy community—the Jews—is suffering the extremity of persecution—in accord, as Hitler's book shows, with a basic tenet of the Nazi movement.

I will try to sum up certain conclusions in the fewest possible words.

The Nazi Government stands for a revolution, which probably will not depend



The dedication by Adolf Hitler of twenty-four new standards for the 'Brown Army' of Central Germany

E.N.A.

upon the continuance in power of Hitler or his present colleagues. It may prove to be the permanent form that revolution has taken in Germany. At present Hitler is confronted by great difficulties within his Government and the party. He must surmount these before the coming of winter if he is to secure a relatively clear stage for an industrial and financial policy.

It is wholly anti-democratic; it involves the ending of the German Republic as shaped under the Weimar Constitution. Could that republic, under any conditions that were practicable, have been established? That is a question which brings in the responsibility of the former Allies for the collapse of post-War Germany. It is plain now that Germany has finished with political democracy and is resolved to rebuild the nation upon wholly different foundations.

What is the new Germany in relation to the world? It is nationalistic, in the most intense, conscious, and assertive sense. Is it also militarist, a menace to the peace of Europe? It is disciplined, like no other nation. It is being prepared, drilled, driven, in a single direction. Does this mean that it is also being equipped for war, and with the will to make war, if the aims of the new Germany are not to be gained without it? I need not point out that there is no question of greater moment for Europe than that.

I can here make only a single last remark, upon the wider outlook. Since his important speech on foreign affairs in May, Hitler's international policy has been conciliatory, if not definitely constructive. The signing last month of the Four Power Pact is designed to secure the peace of Europe for ten years. Should that period of grace be granted, the destiny of civilisation may well depend upon the relations during the forthcoming stage between the Western Powers and this new Germany.

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The Listener

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Art, Craft, Necessity

THERE was a certain type of geography book, popular about twenty years ago, which used to append to every chapter questions of such kind as 'Compare the steppes and the tundra', 'Compare the pampas and the prairie', 'Compare the Sahara to a sea and the camel to a ship'. They were useful exercises in comparison, but the pity was that the objects to be compared usually meant so little to the questioned child, who had nothing in his own experience by which to measure Sahara, steppes and tundra. Precisely the opposite is the case with the series of broadcast talks on 'The International Housewife', which came to an end last week. Assiduous listeners to it would be in an admirable position to compare any number of things—*hors d'œuvres* with *smörgåsbord*, dinner in Battersea with dinner in Belgrade—for all the time they would be able to check and measure new information by their own experience. Each of the fifteen talks was given by a housewife either brought up, or now living, in the country under discussion, and was based on material common to all housewives in all countries—food, marketing, daily housekeeping, etc. The series as a whole, therefore, has given an excellent cross-section of life outside these islands.

To the English listener, the most entertaining parts were probably the descriptions of some of the most obvious dissimilarities between our way of doing things and the foreigner's—to learn that they eat gingerbread for breakfast in Holland; that the unmarried young woman of Yugoslavia is not allowed a latchkey; that in Vienna they button the blanket to the sheet; that a cucumber may cost a shilling in Stockholm and an orange one-and-sixpence in Warsaw; and that suet puddings are unknown in Prague. But a large number of sometimes unexpected similarities came out, too, in the course of the talks. The Dutch housewife is like the English—'a good plain cook' (though 'her repertoire suffers from a certain monotony') with a passion for suet puddings, spring cleanings, and turnings-out of rooms once a fortnight. So, perhaps, is the Czechoslovakian, with her distrust of labour-saving devices, her faith in elbow-grease, and her partiality for a good cry when she goes to the theatre. On a more serious level the talks gave very interesting sidelights on the comparative

costs of living in different places: how a working-class family in Vienna spends only five per cent. of its income on rent, while one in Poland spends twenty-five per cent.; how in Bulgaria a third of the income goes in food, in Germany a half; how tinned fruit is very expensive in Yugoslavia (eight shillings a tin!) and very cheap in the United States.

Probably, however, the most valuable things about the series were the indications given of the manner in which the art and practice of housewifery as a whole are regarded in different places. There seem, roughly, to be three different conceptions of it expressed in the fifteen talks. For one group, housewifery is an existence and an end in itself; for a second, it is a career which must be organised as well as possible; for a third, it is a job to be done as quickly as possible to leave time for other things. It is, in fact, an art, a craft, and a necessity. The first view is emphatically expressed in the Frenchwoman's way of house-keeping. It is her whole life, we are to understand from the talk about her, and she likes it to be her whole life. She does not grudge hours a day in the market or the kitchen. Some kind of meal no doubt could be got ready in a quarter the time she takes, but not one in which she would have any pride. She knows without belonging to a housewives' trade-union that the best way to keep a husband is to feed him well. Thus housewifery is understood in France; thus, too, it seems, in Spain, and thus, too, in Finland, where, for all their political and social activities, they are also firm believers in keeping their husbands by tending their stomachs. The second view is the most widespread: that housewifery is a profession and demands training, regulations, and associations just like any other profession. This is the view in Germany, where they have a *Hausfrauen Verein* that tries to improve the professional status of the housewife, and where girls are regularly apprenticed to housewives; in Sweden, with its Housewives' Association which gives women information in domestic work, child welfare and marketing, and generally encourages them in their 'work for home and family'; and in Poland, whose Association of Housewives is at present agitating very energetically for the removal of prohibitive duties on foreign fruit. It may also be said to be the view generally prevailing in this country, where few housewives are born but a satisfactory number are made. The third conception—housework as something to be got over as quickly as possible—is illustrated by the accounts of Russia and America. In these two talks the emphasis is away from the actual housework and on to the other things the housewife has time for. Shopping is quick—in America, nearly everything from the chain store; in Russia, from the factory co-operative store—and husbands and children rarely come home to lunch. There is more emphasis on the things done outside the home—car-rides and cinemas in America, excursions to Parks of Culture and Rest in Russia—than in the other countries dealt with. It is certainly illustrative of two widely differing conceptions of the art that to please her husband the Frenchwoman should place her chief reliance on the comfort of the home, and the Russian on the cultivation of her intellect.

Week by Week

THE chief business of the Departmental Committee on Housing, under the chairmanship of Lord Moyne, which has just issued its Report*, was to fill a 'gap in the Government's housing policy'—more precisely, to find out what further steps were needed to secure the maintenance of a decent standard of living in working-class houses in areas suitable neither for clearance nor demolition under the 1930 Housing Act. And so—while opposing the policy of reconditioning as a cheap alternative to demolition and replacement—the Report deals chiefly with houses which, while

* H.M. Stationery Office. 1s. 3d.

not yet bad enough for demolition, are emphatically not good enough for decent living. The main need is to ginger up the bad landlord, and this the Committee proposes should be done in a fairly drastic way. 'Every owner of working-class property which is not in all respects fit for human habitation', the Report runs, 'should be made liable at law to expropriation on a new basis of compensation'—the dispossessed owners should be paid either what they themselves gave for the property or the sum at which it was valued for the purposes of certain taxes. Taking such property away from the bad landlord is only one part of the problem; and to make sure that it shall pass into the right hands the Committee suggests that wherever possible the management of it should be handed over to existing public utility societies who would be asked to exercise the compulsory powers of the local authority. It is very interesting to see here how emphatically the Committee comes out in favour of house property management on the Octavia Hill system and of the employment of women as estate managers. In the last few years this profession, which has the advantage of only demanding a short training before the attainment of a salaried job, has attracted an increasing number of young women, especially from the Universities, and it appears that if the Moyne proposals are adopted the demand for women managers will be greatly increased. There is one thing in the Committee's Report which is sure to cause surprise and comment—the verdict, from which only two members dissented, against the establishment of a National Housing Board such as has been widely advocated in the last few months. At a time when so many factors are favourable to a mass attack on the housing question—when money is cheap, building costs low and public opinion emphatically ripe for drastic methods—it seems essential to co-ordinate forces in as efficient a way as possible, and the proposed Housing Board seemed to offer a prospect of some such co-ordination.

* * *

The exhibition of new designs for playing cards which Messrs. De La Rue held ten days ago at the Sporting Gallery had psychological as well as artistic interest. A playing card has two sides, and most persons of taste will agree that, however great the need may be for new and pleasing designs for the back, still greater is the need for reform in the face of the cards, above all, of the court cards, with their stereotyped and artistically imbecile figures, the degraded representation of objects which even tradition cannot fully explain. But the inexorable demands of bridge clubs, which insist only that the faces shall be easily recognisable, keeps manufacturers from experimenting with this side of the pack—the solitary exception being a new set of playing cards with film stars taking the place of the Kings, Queens and Jacks, which is said to be highly popular. The designs on the backs of the cards, on the other hand, are not limited by convention to the same extent. Indeed, the 815 entries for Messrs. De La Rue's competition show that almost every conceivable subject and style is thought worthy to be put forward for consideration. It is not so long ago that jazz patterns with cubist influences were all the rage; but the taste for wilder experiment (chiefly confined to the larger towns) has now subsided, and the three winning entries which we reproduce on another page show more the influence of the good poster than of the 'surréaliste' school. However, in the backwaters of the provinces, we understand, the demand for the 'pretty-pretty' type of pattern still survives—dogs and other pets of sentimental association, for instance (but, curiously enough, it must be the *whole* dog, and not merely his head). A somewhat surprising feature of the entries to the De La Rue competition is the great predominance of subject designs over patterns. We should have expected that a good modern pattern would have been preferred as a general rule to the best pictorial design, since nothing is easier than to get tired of seeing the same picture repeated fifty-two times. Either, however, the artists thought otherwise, or it is harder to produce original and decorative patterns for this purpose.

* * *

Active steps are now being taken to found on the shores of the Mediterranean an Academy of the arts with the declared object of evolving 'a new classical unity'. A site has already been procured and the remainder of the funds necessary for the complete establishment are now being collected all over

Europe and America. The directors of the Academy, which is to be called the European Mediterranean Academy, are H. T. Wijdeveld and Erich Mendelsohn, both well-known architects, and Amédée Ozenfant, a painter who already has an academy in Paris. A distinguished group of artists have undertaken the direction of the various courses. Sculpture will be taught by the Spaniard, Pablo Gargallo; interior equipment by Serge Chermayeff; typography by Eric Gill; and music by Paul Hindemith. These names promise well, and there is a business-like air about the prospectus (to be obtained from the Secretary for England, at 60 Gower Street, London, W.C.1). It will not be a place for amateurs and dilettanti. In the section of the prospectus devoted to music, for example, Hindemith defines his object as 'the higher development of musicians'. Those who attend this course must have a good preliminary training and must submit compositions and particulars of their activities as teacher, soloist, or member of ensemble or orchestra. The Academy does not train the type of musician who ignores reality, but aims at producing useful musicians in the tradition of handicraft and thorough knowledge of materials. As the names of the various artists concerned will indicate, the tendency of the Academy will be definitely 'modern', but there is to be no bias in favour of any particular tendency or theory. The intention is rather to take stock of a century of experiment, to integrate what is specifically modern with the traditions of the past, and so establish those 'principles of faith, law, and order' of which the Mediterranean seaboard is the cradle and the home. The aims of the Academy are thus in striking contrast to the doctrines of artistic nationalism which are now being enforced elsewhere. It is an experiment on the grand scale, and if the eagerness with which it begins is maintained there should soon be results from which we shall be able to judge its success.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The Twelfth of August is almost upon us, and our newspapers, seldom failing to describe the occasion as Glorious, have much to tell us about the prospects on the moors. It appears that grouse are likely to be plentiful and strong on the wing this year, and the letting of estates throughout the Highlands is reported to be unusually good. This is held in some quarters to be symptomatic of general recovery—and that it may very well be—but it is certainly odd that our native Press should confess such ecstatic interest in a matter of little direct importance to the native Scot, who is but rarely to be found among the lessees of the greater estates and is employed in almost negligible numbers by the sportsmen. It would have been a more valuable contribution towards the solution of our manifold and urgent problems if the journalists had concentrated more unanimously on the not unrelated matter of a 'Reconditioning Camp' for unemployed, which the Ministry of Labour is setting up on the Forestry Commission's estate of Glenbranter in Argyll, not far from the shores of the Firth of Clyde. This represents a really constructive idea. The plan is to take some hundreds of lads from the distressed areas of Lanarkshire, rest and feed them, put them to work according to a carefully graduated plan, and let them express themselves constructively on the making of roads and the tending of the plantations that now cover the slopes of the valley. It cannot be argued that the work to be done is of pressing urgency or ultimate importance. No unemployed lad will be able to stay indefinitely in these agreeable surroundings. In the face of our Public Assistance figures the temporary boarding-out of a few score young men is a mere fiddling with the problem. But the scheme is, at the least, a promising beginning. It is within the Ministry's calculations that a percentage of its subjects will be willing, and will somehow be assisted, to stay on the land, and there is nobody who has considered the unique Scottish problem who has not realised that a big national scheme of land-settlement is a paramount necessity of our economic salvation. And so, by a rather bitter irony, we are faced simultaneously with two aspects of the problem of rural depopulation—an irony oddly sharpened by the fact that the estate of Glenbranter was bought several years ago by Sir Harry Lauder as a sporting estate for his only son, and re-sold by him to the Forestry Commissioners after the boy's death on active service.

Crime in Handwriting—II

The Dreyfus Trial

By ROBERT SAUDEK

THE famous trial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus of the French General Staff was one of the most spectacular trials in history, and at the same time also the most famous test to which forensic graphology (expertise on handwriting in law courts) has been put so far. For a number of years the attention of all parts of the world was centred on this case, mainly for political reasons, but also because it offered a welcome occasion for the struggle against the methods of the *cabinet noir*, racial prejudice, and unfair and partial justice. For almost twelve years the home policy of France was overshadowed by those strange and unexpected events which lent so dramatic a colour to the numerous spectacular trials, held

believe in Dreyfus' innocence was at that time equal to contempt of the French army, whereas to believe in Dreyfus' guilt was equal to real patriotism. Even when it became evident that those documents on which the charge against Dreyfus was based were actual forgeries prepared by a member of the staff of the French Intelligence Service, there were newspapers which declared the forger to be a national hero and a real patriot.

The political, military, legal and racial aspects of the facts and principles involved have been discussed in all newspapers of the world, in many parliaments, and in at least a hundred books published in a dozen languages. But we are concerned here only with the examination of one document, the *bordereau*, the genuineness or spuriousness of which formed the main, if not the only, issue in the greatest struggle for justice which Europe has witnessed for at least a century. Here are the main events in the case.

Captain Dreyfus was convicted of high treason in December, 1894, publicly degraded on January 5, 1895, pardoned on September 19, 1899, but vindicated and re-established in his military rank only on July 13, 1906, and made Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur a few weeks later. Emile Zola was treated as an enemy of his country when he started Dreyfus' defence with his famous *J'accuse* in January, 1898, and given a state funeral when his ashes were transferred to the Panthéon on June 4, 1908.

From Dreyfus' arrest until the last and final verdict on his innocence, a number of forgeries had obscured the case, but the main circumstantial evidence throughout the first four years of the proceedings was a document written on thin transparent tracing paper, the *bordereau*, a part of which, namely, about three-quarters of the first of the two pages, is reproduced here as Fig. 1, in the same form in which it first appeared in *Le Matin* on November 10, 1896.

No doubt after a first glance at this document the reader will be inclined to assume that the hazy indistinctness of the picture is due to the publishers' or printers' carelessness, and will therefore be the more surprised to gather that the twelve independent experts who testified in favour of Dreyfus had to base their judgments on the reproduction of the document, without up to the last moment being allowed to examine the original. Nothing more than this picture was allowed to be known to the world at large. The reader will understand that the inverted 'mirror-writing' running from right to left, and superimposed on the slanting hand which runs from left to right, appears in the picture only because the letter was written on transparent paper and apparently photographed while light was admitted behind the sheet.

For the reader's convenience we reproduce also the plain features of the *bordereau* after removal of the superimposed writing which distorts the picture. (Figs. 2a, 2b.)

The document reads as follows:

1. Sans nouvelles m'indiquant que vous
2. désirez me voir, je vous adresse cependant
3. Monsieur quelques renseignements intéressants
4. 1° une note sur le frein hydraulique
5. du 120 et la manière dont s'est conduite
6. cette pièce.
7. 2° une note sur les troupes de couverture
8. (quelques modifications seront apportées par
9. le nouveau plan).
10. 3° une note sur une modification aux
11. formations de l'artillerie.
12. 4° une note relative à Madagascar:
13. 5° le projet de manuel de tir de
14. l'artillerie de campagne (14 mars 1894)
15. Ce dernier document est extrêmement
16. difficile à se procurer et je ne puis
17. l'avoir à ma disposition que très peu
18. de jours. Le ministère de la guerre
19. en a envoyé un nombre fixe dans
20. les corps et ces corps en sont responsables
21. chaque officier détenteur doit
22. remettre la sienne après les manœuvres.
23. Si donc vous voulez y prendre ce
24. qui vous intéresse et le tenir
25. à ma disposition après, je le
26. prendrai. A moins que vous ne

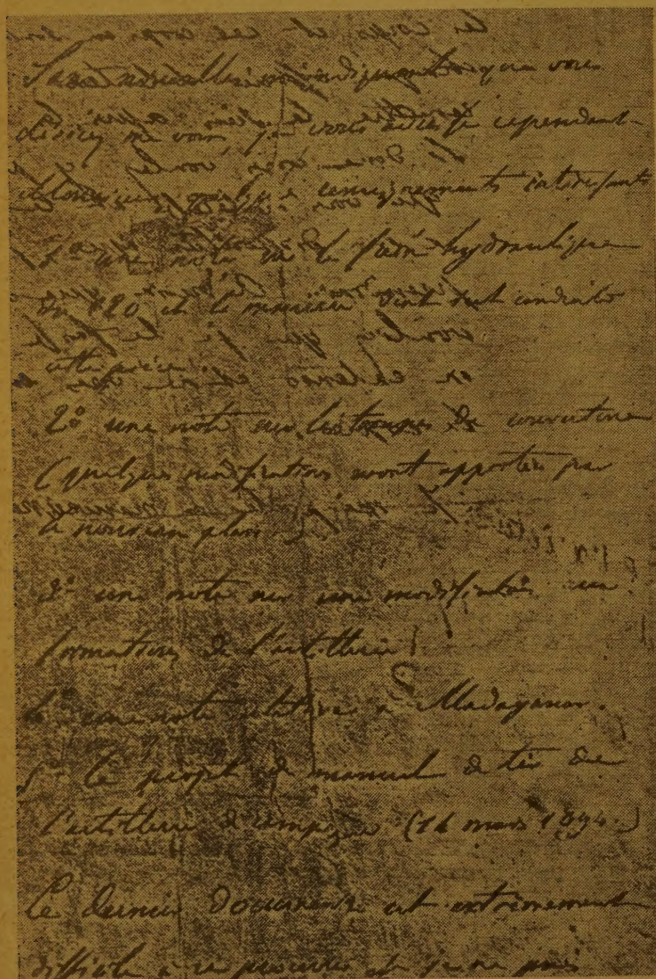


Fig. 1—Part of the *bordereau* in the form in which it appeared in *Le Matin* on November 10, 1896

partly in public and partly in camera, between 1894 and 1899, all connected with the Dreyfus case.

It all started with a mistake on the part of the highest French military authorities. Erroneously they suspected a member of their General Staff, Captain Dreyfus, who happened to be a Jew, of actual spying for the country's arch-enemy, the Germans. He was charged with having given a number of pieces of valuable information to the military attaché of the German Embassy in Paris.

From the beginning there were many indications which to an impartial judge should have cleared Dreyfus of that horrible suspicion, and these indications were most emphatically brought before the French authorities. But it was of no avail. Once having made the mistake of arresting Dreyfus, they would listen neither to the evidence of the defence nor to the defendant's denials. And so passionate became the fight for and against Dreyfus that it grew into a sort of holy war for national symbols and idols. All conceptions were blurred and distorted, commonsense discarded, hatred and prejudice idolised. To

Sans nouvelle m'indiquant que vous
 désirez me voir, je vous adresse cependant
 quelques renseignements intéressants
 1° une note sur le pain hygroscopique
 de 180 et la manière d'en être conduit
 avec soin.
 2° une note sur la troupe de convalescents.
 (quelques modifications sont apportées par
 le nouveau plan.)
 3° une note sur une modification aux
 formations de l'infanterie.
 4° une note relative à Madagascar.
 5° le projet de manuel de tir de
 l'infanterie de campagne. (26 mars 1894.)

Fig. 2a

The bordereau after removal of the superimposed writing

27. voudriez que je le fasse copier
 28. in extenso et ne vous en adresse
 29. la copie.
 30. Je vais partir en manœuvres

Now, this letter, torn to pieces, has been delivered by an Alsatian servant, probably the discharged concierge of the German military *attaché* von Schwarzkoppen, to the Intelligence Office of the French War Office. There the pieces have, of course, been put together again.

The original document reconstructed in this way was shown by the French Intelligence Department to five 'experts'. None of these five had before served as an expert on handwriting, or published a treatise or a book, or read a paper on the subject. Not only were they amateurs, but three out of the five had never before been interested in handwriting at all, not even on purely amateurish lines. They were Gobert, Bertillon, Pelletier, Charavay, and Teyssonnières.

Gobert, an expert on forgeries of banknotes, who was the first to compare the handwriting of the *bordereau* with that of Dreyfus, stressed the naturalness of the writing movement in the *bordereau*, and reported that in his view the disputed document could just as well have been written by somebody else. His report displeased those in charge of the prosecution so much that they completely discarded it and ordered the arrest of Captain Dreyfus at a time when they had not yet in hand a single report to testify to the offence of the accused.

Such a report was expected from Bertillon, Chef de Service d'Identité Judiciaire at the Préfecture de Police, the son of the finger-print expert of international repute. Bertillon did not know anything about handwriting either, but though at first hopelessly at sea he would not admit his incompetence. Instead, he invented some ingenious 'graphometric' method of his own, by which he alleged he could establish with mathematical accuracy the genuineness or spuriousness of any writing. It was only a few years later that three scientists of the Institut de France showed that Bertillon was lacking in the knowledge of the most primary principles of the law of probability on which his 'mathematical' proof was based.

Bertillon's main conclusions ran about as follows: Captain Dreyfus traced certain passages of secret military documents on transparent paper, a word here and another there, spread over the two pages of the *bordereau*, leaving sufficient interspace to be filled in later on in a disguised hand.

How did Bertillon demonstrate his theory? He pointed out that a number of polysyllables and even some monosyllables

Le dernier document est extrêmement
 difficile à se procurer et je ne puis
 l'avoir à ma disposition que très peu
 de jours. Le ministre de la guerre
 en a envoyé un certain nombre dans
 les corps et ces corps en sont responsables.
 Chaque officier détenteur doit
 remettre le sien après les manœuvres.
 Si donc vous voulez y prendre
 que vous intéressez et l'intérêt
 à ma disposition après, j'en
 prendrai à mon tour que vous ne
 voulez que je le fasse copier
 in extenso et ne vous en adresse
 la copie.
 Je vais partir en manœuvres.

Fig. 2b

which repeatedly occur in the text of the *bordereau* are not only similar but actually congruent, which means absolutely identical in size, shape, connections or disconnections, inter-spaces, pressure, and so on. He produced a transparent graph-paper with squares of five millimetres, and showed how the repeatedly occurring words fitted the frame in the same way.

The authorities did not take the trouble to examine the correctness of this claim, though it should have been a matter of course for them to have those words photographically enlarged in the same scale and to superimpose the two films or glass-plates. Nowadays this would be the first thing any expert would do. Fig. 3 shows what the result of such a procedure would have been. We have chosen two polysyllables for our demonstration, namely, the words 'artillerie' occurring

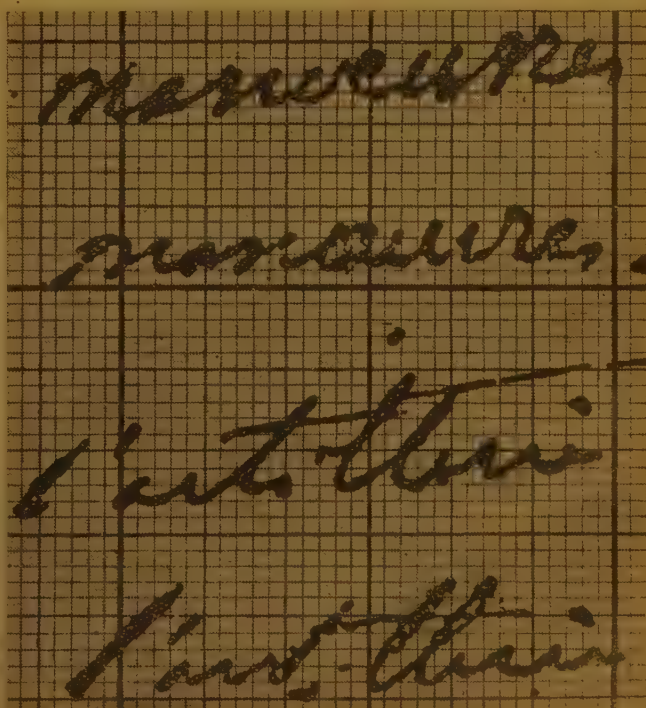


Fig. 3—Graph-paper superimposed on Dreyfus' writing

in the 11th and 14th lines, and 'manceuvres', occurring in the 22nd and 30th lines.

Our photographs show enlargements 1 to 4, and the superimposed graph-paper of 2 mm., so that our demonstration is ten times more precise than that of Bertillon could have been. If the words had really proved to be congruent, Bertillon would have been entitled to the suggestion that both words must have been traced from the same model, and his hypothesis that the secret files of the Ministry must have served as that model would have sounded very plausible indeed. But his argument breaks down miserably in view of the fact that our enlargements definitely prove that the two words, though similar, are certainly not congruent.

Questioned whether it would not have been much simpler for the culprit to write the whole document in a disguised hand, Bertillon advanced some complex theory to show that so diabolic was the traitor that he preferred to complicate the issue rather than to work on some easier and more successful lines. True, he might have misled anybody, but not so clever a man as he, Bertillon, was. The War Office was only too willing to charge Dreyfus, but they simply could not follow the argument, and Bertillon's confused lecture did not make them any wiser. They were used to think in terms of tactics and strategy, and wanted to know why precisely a man should prefer to make a *détour* when there was a short cut at hand. This was the moment for Bertillon to present his masterpiece, the diagram of his '*Citadelle des rébus graphiques*'. (See Fig. 4.)

We know now that it was the work of a distorted mind, but this was by no means so evident in 1894. The reader inclined to complain of the smallness of our picture, which prevents him from entering into the mystical secrets of Bertillon's scheme, may be assured that neither a full translation in plain print nor a commentary of the length of a big book would make this product of an obsessed mind more intelligible to him.

If there was any method at all in this madness, then the document was meant to show how in a two-fold attack Dreyfus proceeded to conquer the citadel of those features in handwriting which are bound to puzzle and mislead anybody of a less keen intellect than that of M. Bertillon. On the other hand, according to Bertillon, Dreyfus made provision for a five-fold defence (two in case of an attack from the left, and three for one coming from the right). It is all pure madness.

The three other experts did not really matter. Among them was one who talked commonsense, but that was, of course, almost a crime in the eyes of the authorities, and consequently his arguments were discarded without further ado. The other two 'experts' were told to talk things over with Bertillon, and to bring their report into agreement with his.

This they did, and in this way the prosecution managed to present three expert witnesses against Dreyfus to refute the claims of the two others, who spoke in favour of the defendant. With strongly prejudiced judges it was an easy matter to have Dreyfus convicted. It was only some years later that one of the pseudo-experts confessed to his tragic error.

* * *

Three years later, the brother of the condemned man, Mathieu Dreyfus, submitted the reproduction of the *bordereau* published by *Le Matin* to twelve handwriting experts. He selected the best-known of six countries. The names of most of them are forgotten by now, but two have played a prominent part in the history of our science, namely, W. Preyer, a noted German scientist of English extraction, and J. Crépieux-Jamin, the highest authority on the psychology of handwriting in the French-speaking world, author of many books in which the foundations of empirical graphology have been laid. The other ten were: J. Bridier (France); Hurst, de Rougemont, P. Moriaud (Switzerland); de Marneffe (Belgium); de Gray Birch, T. H. Gurrin, M. J. Holt Schooling (England); Garvalho, Ames (U.S.A.).

None of these twelve experts knew that the block-print in *Le Matin* which they had to examine was not made from an actual photograph of the document, but from an engraving, which means a free-hand reproduction procured by one of the first five experts, namely Teysonnières. Nor did they know that the document was originally torn to pieces and reconstructed in such a way that most of the traces of the destruction have not been reproduced. No wonder they were puzzled by the stiffness, and in fact lack of rhythm, in some parts of the writing, for which they would easily have accounted had they



Fig. 4—Facsimile of Bertillon's diagram

known that the reconstruction of the document actually distorted the original fluency of some parts of the writing*.

We must bear in mind that in the present state of the case the name of the real author of the *bordereau* has not yet been mentioned, and that Dreyfus was the only one suspected; and that therefore neither the first group of five, nor the second group of twelve, experts have been presented with Esterhazy's writing. In spite of this fact, and also in spite of the misinformation about the true nature of the block which had appeared in *Le Matin*, it counts strongly to the credit of those twelve experts that all of them denied the identity of Dreyfus' writing with that of the *bordereau*. Some of them added that the document was suspicious because of certain interrupted, in fact inhibited, strokes. From the scientific point of view their report was better than that of those who did not make such a reservation, because the examined document was really an engraved copy only, which by its very nature could not have been produced with fluent and rhythmical movements.

(To be continued)

Pictorial Photographic Competition

The great number of last week's entries reached a much higher technical than pictorial standard. Several would have served very nicely to illustrate an article on the subject they dealt with; a good many of the captions, indeed, seemed to invite attention to the sentimental, literary, and non-pictorial elements of the photograph, in exactly the manner that the caption of the picture-with-a-story popular sixty years ago invited attention to the story and away from the painting and composition. The prize of five guineas goes to Stephen Spender for a photograph that stands firmly on its purely pictorial merits (reproduced opposite); and mention may be made also of L. Kirk's 'Becalmed', A. E. Powell's 'Early Morning, Covent Garden', Stanley Wyatt's 'Hard Times', and H. L. Wallis' 'Sand Dunes and Mountains'.

We are offering each week till the end of August a prize of *Five Guineas* for the best photograph submitted by an amateur. The purpose of the competition is to encourage the *pictorial* photograph. The Editor reserves the right not to award the prize in any one week if the entries do not reach a high level, or to divide the prize between two or more competitors.

Competitors should note carefully the following conditions:

- (1) The prize of five guineas for the winning photograph, and any sums of one guinea which may be paid for other photographs published, will purchase the first British right of reproducing such photographs within a period of fifteen days.
- (2) Each photograph entered must be accompanied by a form cut from an issue of *THE LISTENER* stating that the photograph is the personal work of the entrant. This form will be published each week throughout the duration of the competition. Any number of photographs can be submitted, but each must be accompanied by an entrance form. (See page 224.)
- (3) No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.
- (4) Photographic prints sent in will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.
- (5) The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.
- (6) Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Entries reaching the office of *THE LISTENER* up to the first post on Saturday will be judged for the issue of *THE LISTENER* published eleven days later.

*See also *Psychology of Handwriting*, By Robert Saudek, Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d. Pages 226-7

Pictorial Photographic Competition



'From a Berlin Window', by Stephen Spender

Science Notes

William and Caroline Herschel

NOBODY who has read the journals and scientific papers of the eighteenth-century investigators of England can fail to like these admirable people. Their gentle, hard-working, dedicated lives seemed odd to their contemporaries, but there was no class in that age of reason where there was more good fellowship, more quiet kindness, less baseness, less jealousy and less envy than in the profession of science. *The Herschel Chronicle**, which has just been published, illustrates this generalisation well. It gives a full and interesting account of William Herschel, the astronomer, and his devoted sister Caroline, in the setting of their family circle and of contemporary history. They came from a poor but cultured home in Hanover, settled down to poverty and hard work in England in the profession of music, started instrument-making as a hobby, became transformed into astronomers, and ended by taking the world of science by storm. The story of the scientific exploits of William and his rise to fame, and of the devotion of Caroline to him until his death, and to his memory afterwards, is one of the most remarkable in the byways of biography. The Herschels, as revealed in this *Chronicle*, may be most aptly described as star-drunk. Their parish was the great night sky. They entered their observatory as a bookman enters a library or a jockey a stable. To spend their days in getting their telescopes shipshape and their nights in star-gazing was their bliss. It is possibly only in bacteriology in this century that people work with the almost maniacal intensity with which this brother and sister worked in astronomy in theirs.

William and Caroline were two of the ten children of a Hanoverian music teacher. They were taught in youth little but music. In 1757, when he was nineteen, William, the elder, arrived in England as a penniless deserter from the Hanoverian Guard. After struggling to make a living in different parts of England he settled down in Bath as a teacher of music, and became organist to the Octagon Chapel in Milsom Street, where the fashionable crowd could listen to their favourite preachers and hear good music without the disagreeable presence of the common people who thronged the Abbey. After perhaps sixteen hours of teaching daily he was glad to unbend over such light literature as Smith's *Optics* or MacLaurin's *Fluxions*, and these, in turn, led him to Ferguson's *Astronomy* and a hobby. He became fired, this music-teacher, with the ambition to make the best telescopes in Europe and with them to explore every part of the heavens. In 1772, his remarkable sister, then twenty-two, had come from Germany to keep house for him and share his enthusiasms. She was as Fanny Burney described her, 'very little, very modest and very ingenuous'. Beyond dressmaking and violin lessons she had had little education (she was even weak on the multiplication table), but she straightway began to fit herself for her life work: to be the constant helpmeet of brother William. When William was making his telescopes in his spare time he found it expedient to polish the metal of his reflectors continuously for

hours—on one occasion for sixteen hours. During this tedious process Caroline would read improving works to him and at meal times feed him by putting the food into his mouth. When William was observing Caroline sat up with him, reading his clocks, noting down the observations, making the midnight tea, and learning to do the extensive calculations involved. After a time she, too, was allowed to 'sweep' the heavens with the telescope, where in due course she found eight comets and many nebulae. Music by day and the heavens on good nights preserved them for years from the cares of the world. Wet or dull nights enabled them to meet their friends or snatch rest from heavy labour.

In 1781 this strange but happy way of passing through life was threatened by a change. In that year Herschel discovered

the planet Uranus. The discovery brought him fame, a wide circle of acquaintances among scientific workers and the patronage of the king himself. He was urged and consented to give up music teaching and become the king's astronomer. Small pensions were granted to him and to his sister—much smaller, however, than the earnings from teaching in Bath. The pair left Bath in the following year, settled first at Datchet and later at Slough, with their telescopes, and continued their observational work there till William's death in 1822. It was at Bath, however, that



William Herschel's twenty-foot telescope: from a water-colour sketch made probably at Datchet

One of the illustrations to 'The Herschel Chronicle'

Herschel made his great discovery of the planet Uranus in the course of a systematic sweep of the heavens. Describing this event in after life he wrote: 'It has generally been supposed that it was a lucky accident that brought this star to my view; this is an evident mistake. . . . It was that night *its turn* to be discovered. I had gradually perused the great Volume of the Author of Nature and was now come to the page which contained the seventh Planet'. At the time he thought it was a comet, but the computations of Laplace, five months later, showed it was a major planet at a greater distance from the Sun than Saturn. It has since been pointed out that Uranus had been observed at least seventeen times between 1690 and the year of its discovery, but none of the observers had deduced from its appearance or motion that it was not a star; one of them, Lemonnier, had seen it on four successive nights in 1769, but had been too careless to interpret his observations correctly. Herschel had found that the diameters of stars in his telescope were little affected by an increase of the magnifying power, but that the diameters of other objects were. Whenever, therefore, he found anything which struck him as unusual he immediately varied the magnifying power to decide whether or not it was a star; and it was by this technique that he found Uranus. The discovery caused great excitement in astronomical circles and much interest in the great world. The other planets had been known since antiquity; Uranus was the first to be found in historical times. Moreover, the discovery had been made not by the official astronomers but by an amateur star-gazer who spent his working day teaching music in Bath. He revealed his amateurish-

* *The Herschel Chronicle: The Life-Story of William Herschel and his sister Caroline*. Edited by Constance A. Lubbock. Cambridge University Press. 21s.

ness by proposing the extraordinary name 'Georgium Sidus' for the planet, in honour of his fellow-Hanoverian, the King. The *Chronicle* contains a remarkable letter, which might have been penned by Mr. Pecksniff himself, in which Herschel set forth the reasons for the name. The laconic and better advice of the German astronomer Bode (who suggested 'Uranus'), to 'stick to mythology', ultimately prevailed, but for years in England 'Georgium Sidus' or the 'Georgian' planet were current terms.

Herschel became the greatest astronomer of his day because he constructed instruments which were far and away better than those elsewhere. No pains were spared in shaping and polishing his mirrors; his eyepieces were marvels of delicate workmanship. When he told the Royal Society what his instruments could do they would not believe him. In those days it was the common belief that stars were really star-shaped and not, as we know, round like the sun or the moon. 'I am told you see the stars round', said the taciturn Henry Cavendish inquiringly to him at a dinner. 'Round as a button', came the reply, and no more was said. Much later Cavendish, doubting, began afresh, 'Round as a button?' but only to get answer: 'Exactly. Round as a button', and the conversation ended. Herschel had only to sit up at night sweeping the heavens and interpreting his observations intelligently to become a great pioneer in astronomy. He found nearly a thousand double

stars and between two and three thousand nebulae. He showed that the heating rays from the sun were different from the light-rays, although he did not coin the term 'infra-red'. He found that his planet Uranus had two satellites. He found two new satellites of Saturn. He made the interesting discovery that the satellites of Saturn and of Jupiter, like our own moon, move round their planets in the same time as they take to revolve round their own axes. And it was he who guessed from his observations that the whole Solar System is making for some point in the constellation Hercules, a guess which has since been confirmed with great exactness.

These facts, interesting as they are to astronomers, are not the staple of this book. Its interest is also very personal. The relations between the Herschels in England and those on the Continent make a delightful if uneventful story. There was a black sheep in the family whom William had to rescue from time to time. There was no serious break in the happiness of the life at Slough. Herschel married in 1788 but Caroline's behaviour was admirable. The marriage was naturally a blow to her but one that was concealed—one, also, that did not interrupt their labours. The only child of the marriage in due time pursued the family practice of 'sweeping' the heavens and became eventually as celebrated an astronomer as his father. Caroline lived to be nearly 98.

A. S. RUSSELL

Development and Discovery in Central America

By Dr. THOMAS GANN

Dr. Gann's previous discoveries of Maya remains have been described in THE LISTENER in former years. Here he tells what he has found in Central America this year; a district being developed to give work to those thrown out of employment by the Belize disaster, and further clues to the lost Maya civilisation

THE little colony of British Honduras, in Central America, has been doubly handicapped during the trade depression, because in September, 1931, almost the whole of Belize, the capital, was destroyed by a hurricane and tidal wave and over 1,000 people lost their lives. On top of this disaster came the slump in the price of mahogany and chicle (or chewing gum), the colony's two main exports, owing to the lack of demand for these commodities in the United States. As a result, nearly half the labourers in the colony found themselves suddenly out of work. As nothing corresponding either to the English dole or the American city chest to relieve unemployment exists here, they were thrown entirely on their own resources. As revenue had fallen considerably, the Government, except in cases of immediate and pressing need, couldn't help much.

Because of the loss of royalties on mahogany and chicle during the last few years, several large landowners in the colony, unable to meet the taxes, have surrendered their land to the Government. In this way the Crown has acquired certain areas in the Stann Creek valley adjoining the Government Railway. Part of this land has

been divided up into small holdings of eight acres each and on this land unemployed men and their families have been settled. Before the settler takes over the holding, the Government clears the bush on half of each holding, then builds a small house from the materials obtained—wood for the walls, and palm leaf to thatch the roof. Each settler is then supplied with seeds, plants, and agricultural implements, and with enough money

to buy food for himself and his family, till the first crop matures. The cost is charged up against each holding, and the settler will be allowed to pay it off in instalments.

A small holding cannot supply every need, such as clothes, household utensils and tools, certain articles of food, and various incidental expenses; but crops like maize, beans, cassava, sweet potato, yam, cocoa, tomatoes, okras, cabbages, etc., more than are needed for home consumption, will soon be produced; no adequate external market can be found for them, for though each holding is actually close to the railway, rendering transport cheap and easy, the markets of the town of Stann Creek, and of the capital, might be flooded with such produce as the number of settlers increased.

So land settlement in British Honduras would be doomed to ultimate failure, if the settlers did not include amongst their crops some staple, such as bananas, citrus fruit, sugar, tobacco, or cocoanuts. A ready market for these could always be found outside the colony. Most of the settlers select grape-fruit, as the land is very well suited for it, there is a good market for it, and the prices don't fluctuate like other staples. Up to now the experiment has

been very successful. A few of the settlers, chiefly those unsuited to an agricultural life, have left their holdings, but the great majority are already reaping their first crops, and are practically self-supporting. In order to help them out for the first few months, some of the settlers are given a few days' work a week cutting sleepers for the Government railway in the forest near by.

The experiment has had at least one very desirable result.



Settlers shipping bananas at Stann Creek

E.N.A.

It has found productive work for a number of unemployed men, providing them with a means of supporting themselves and their families, and of becoming useful members of the community, instead of an added burden to the taxpayer. The scheme was originally started to find employment for the large number of men, chiefly creoles of the colony, who were thrown out of work by the hurricane and the depression; but, curiously enough, this class has been the most backward in taking advantage of the opportunity.

In the northern section of the colony, and the adjoining part of Southern Mexico, a somewhat different form of return to the land has taken place. Along the banks of the Rio Hondo, which forms the northern boundary between the two countries, there are perhaps forty villages and settlements of various size, whose men, mostly mahogany cutters and chicleiros, before the depression earned wages of from twenty to one hundred dollars per month. Soon after the slump started, they suddenly all found themselves out of a job, thrown entirely on their own resources. With no prospect of any outside help, it was obvious that they must either go back to cultivating the land, or starve.

Fortunately, the soil on the Mexican side of the Rio Hondo is very rich, and the Mexican Government, trying to obtain a permanent agricultural population, either hires or sells it to prospective settlers, on very favourable terms. In this way most of these unemployed men acquired tracts of land of various sizes from the Government. They set out to raise such crops as maize, beans, plantains, and sweet potatoes, which would mature quickly, and at least fend off starvation, which was threatening them. Most of them are now fairly successful small farmers and produce, as well as their crops, pigs, goats, fowls, and eggs.

A small fleet of trading boats has grown on the Rio Hondo, and these carry up cotton goods, boots, groceries, powder and shot, crockery, hardware, and other essentials, which they trade with the settlers along the banks for corn, pigs, fowls, and eggs. Money is practically unknown, and even in the largest villages it would be hard to obtain a single dollar in actual cash.

So much for the present. Now for the past. When I arrived in British Honduras in January, I was told that a number of unexplored Maya ruins had been found, only a few miles from Tzibanche: and that there was a large temple, with painted walls in the same neighbourhood.

So on March 13 I set out with my wife from Corozal, the most northerly village in British Honduras, and going up the Rio Hondo, arrived, the same evening, at the little Mexican settlement of Sac Chan; it is the best jumping-off place for the interior, as most of the chicle bleeders' trails come out there. There we found our men, mules, and horses waiting for us, so we were able to set out next morning soon after sun-up.

My party consisted of my wife and myself, our two men, Muddy and Andres, the muleteer, and an official of the Mexican Government. No foreigners, especially archaeologists, are allowed into the hinterland without one: these formed the cavalry. The infantry consisted of four men on foot, one of whom was our guide. He told us that seven years before (while bleeding chicle in the bush) he had found a large temple covered with stucco, with polychrome devices, of men, animals and glyphs, painted on it. I was inclined to believe his story as he seemed much too unintelligent to have evolved it from his inner consciousness.

The first day, travelling in a general north-westerly direction, we made only 16 miles, because, as no chicle bleeder had been in the bush for two years, the trails were so overgrown that they had to be cleared out again as we went along. We camped that night at a small water-hole covered with green slime, where the water was the colour of pea soup, and almost as thick. Next day, bearing more to the west, we covered 17 miles in seven hours. Part of the route was through Acaichè, low, swampy land, covered with a dense network of scrub bush, every tree and shrub armed with thorn and prickles, many of them poisonous. Beyond this we crossed high virgin bush, cool, and almost clear of undergrowth, covered by innumerable traces of the ancient inhabitants; mounds, walls, terraces, plazas, and other structures, indicating a large and widely distributed population over the whole of this country, where now, except for ourselves, you could not find a single human being within a radius of 30 miles. Yet the land is very fertile, the climate healthy, and an abundant supply of water could be obtained by digging out the innumerable water-holes found throughout the bush. No doubt, the ancient inhabitants did this. And the old puzzle presented itself once again. Why did the Maya leave their ancient cities, and what became of them?

At the end of the second day we were in a clear space in the bush. And as there was a fine water-hole in the vicinity, we determined to make a permanent camp there. All the materials were round us in the bush, so we soon put up palm leaf shelters for the men, and a kitchen and store room for ourselves.

Our guide was a horse-faced Maya Indian, named Tun, with a great mop of coarse black hair, a dark bronze skin, thin arched nose, and very wide open eyes; in them an expression partly sullen, partly scared, seemed to lurk perpetually. He was certainly scared when Muddy told him that, unless he found the temple he had come to guide us to, we should reluctantly be

compelled to leave him in the bush for ever. The morning after we arrived, the guide was sent off, with one of the men, to search for the painted temple, and told not to come back till he had found it. While he was away we cleared a wide group of ruins from the bush quite near the camp. These mainly consisted of a raised plaza, measuring 78 by 66 feet. Its north side was open, and raised 5 feet above the surrounding country. Its south side was bounded by two mounds, its west side by a large mound whose summit was reached by a flight of stone steps leading up from the plaza, and its east side by a remarkable burial mound, probably the most interesting thing in this group. This mound was conical in shape (54 feet in diameter at the base, and 33 feet high). It had been built upon an older structure, probably a temple, with walls of squared stone, which it covered in completely. A large part of the eastern side had slid down, exposing the entrance to a long, narrow, arched chamber, running into the centre of the mound, from east to west. The chamber was divided into a front and back part by a central arch, and one end of the front chamber ended in a funnel-shaped dome in the roof. The chamber was filled with light sandy material. In this sand were lying the bones of a young adult man. Round the base of the mound were several small stone cysts, each containing human remains.

Once before, I found a mound of this kind, and from underneath it I obtained a large collection of jade, flint, obsidian, and pottery objects; and I feel sure that if one dug here one would be equally well rewarded. But the Mexican Government will only allow excavating under very strict regulations, and I had to be content with pointing out the possibilities to their representative, who accompanied us. I christened the group 'Holha', or water-hole, in commemoration of the first really good water supply we had enjoyed.

At the end of four days our guide returned, triumphant, to say he had found the painted temple; so we set out next morning. After three hours' ride to the north-west, we came to a fine water-hole and a few hundred yards away we found the temple. Most of the facade had fallen down, probably because the wood lintels over the entrances had rotted.

The back wall was fairly intact, and showed that the temple had originally consisted of a central part (40 feet long) and two wings (each 33 feet long). The central part was probably the older, as the stones were very nearly squared, and the masonry far superior to that of the wings. What the guide called painted figures of men and animals turned out to be the general yellowish colour of the stucco covering the building, with a few patches of the original red paint.

Between the temple and the water hole, we found a Maya ball court, still in a fair state of preservation. Two parallel walls (each 12 feet high, 105 feet long, and 45 feet apart) enclose a quadrangular space, closed by a wall at one end. The game was played by knocking a heavy rubber ball, with leather covered hips, thighs or shoulders, through stone or wooden rings jutting out from the centre of each wall. This game was very popular, both amongst the Maya and the Aztecs, who learnt it from them. It was extremely strenuous—a sort of cross between rugby football and a free fight. As a betting medium, modern horse-racing and association football couldn't begin to compare with it, as punters not only lost all their worldly goods, but often lost their liberty, selling themselves into slavery so as to back their favourite team. There were ruins of walls, temples and mounds, all over this neighbourhood, but we had not time to explore them.

Our last call was at a chicle camp, about six miles south of Chacna, named La Mena. The ruins here are in two groups. In the first is a pyramidal substructure covered with a mosaic of squared stone. On its top stands a temple, consisting of a central part, 13 feet high, built of well-cut stone, and two lateral wings, of much rougher masonry. Its whole length is about 54 feet. The front facade is very ruined, but the narrow, stucco-covered, arched rooms of the interior can still be seen.

To the west of this temple is a still larger substructure, and on the top of this there is a ruined temple. Its chief unit was a rectangular stone-faced pyramid, 80 feet by 50 feet, and 55 feet high, supporting the ruins of a very imposing temple, built of unusually large and finely cut stone, and approached by a stone stairway from the base of the pyramid. The rooms in this temple were 12 feet high, but only 6 feet broad.

All round these two groups, and stretching in all directions in the forest for an unknown distance, were numbers of pyramidal mounds, and substructures, many of them very big, and buildings, walls, plazas, and other ruins, covering large areas. They occupy the summit of a natural mesa. At its base there is a great water-hole, big enough to supply water for a population of many thousands, if kept clean.

The groups of ruins we visited this year, centring round Tzibanche, cover an area of a great many miles, and show that in ancient times there was a large population and high civilisation. Up to the present, exploration of them has been merely scratched, and as they belong to a period about which very little is known—the end of the Maya Old Empire—further exploration, to give us a picture of a civilisation ten centuries ago, should prove extraordinarily interesting.

MEMOIRS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

(Continued)

A further instalment of first-hand accounts, contributed by unemployed persons belonging to various trades, of the material and psychological effects of prolonged unemployment upon themselves and their families

VI—Frustration and Bitterness—A Colliery Banksman

I AM THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE, my wife thirty-one; we have a boy of six, who often asks why I do not go to work 'like other boys' dads'. It is two and a half years since I was told to stand off from my work as a colliery banksman, the reason being a most extraordinary one, creating in me a bitterness which the subsequent period of struggle has not made less intense. I had been awarded a scholarship to a midland university, which necessitated my absence from the pit for two days each week. The foreman banksman, who had the running of the bank by contract and therefore worked it with as few men as possible, showed me very pointedly that it went against the grain to have to find another man to do my job while I was away. Of course it meant that when I was at the pit there was a man to spare, one who had to be paid. Though my job was supposed to be guaranteed, I had to stand off intermittently, until one day I was told not to come again until sent for.

After a monthly subjection to the Means Test I am allowed 25s. 3d. a week; this we augment secretly, sometimes to 30s., more often less, by the small amount of plain sewing my wife does for understanding friends. We dare not think of it as charity, or I dare say we should sink back from the enduring fight to keep respectability, and wait cynically until we were forced into despairing activity. But by dint of ruthless economy we have, so far, kept within the limits of our income; we are free from debt, neither have any of our belongings gone furtively into the pawnbroker's establishment. The whole credit for this goes, without reservation, to my wife, who makes the majority of her own and our son's clothes. Besides this, she is an excellent household manager, wasting neither pence nor food, meeting the demands on her purse and turning steadfastly away from desired things which are necessities for other people, luxuries for us. Still, there is no child in the school which our son attends who is cleaner, neater, than he; we shield him as much as possible from the bitterness and frustration of our position, though often, when he has heard deliberations as to how the money shall be spent, when he, too, has been denied things, toys which the majority of lads have had, he has asked, 'Are we poor, dad?'

Selfishness Bred of Unemployment

Though both my wife and myself are physically healthy, walking as we do about the Derbyshire countryside on Sundays and sometimes in the week, the prolonged strain of living on the edge of domestic upheaval, and the fact that our social urge has to be repressed, has ruined our nerves and given us an inferiority complex. For myself, the dependence on the State for money without having honestly earned it, has made me creep within myself, losing faith in everything except my own capabilities, closely examining, sometimes even suspecting, friendly gestures, seeing, whether it exists or not, selfishness behind all striving for position in politics or trade unions or co-operative societies. In fact, it has made me, who once prided myself on my generous and self-sacrificing nature—a real follower of Christ—a selfish person. From what I can observe among my fellow-unemployed, this is general; if one of them were chosen to be chairman of a meeting whose object was to protest against the Means Test, it is even chances that he would fail to attend if there were an alternative opportunity of earning a shilling. It is pitiable, but nevertheless, true; the real men, those who give their wives every penny they are allowed, knowing well that that is far from sufficient to provide even a low degree of satisfaction, finding that they are missing the warmth and brightness of life, thrust all other considerations aside and grasp at possible bits of happiness. Some linger around heaps of coal outside houses, some take round political pamphlets, others talk volubly at the co-operative quarterly meetings and get away for a fortnight to some seaside resort as delegates to conference. In the unemployment queue we call them 'lucky' and wonder 'how it is done'; we know they have no cause at heart but their own. We do not blame them, we should like the chance to get in the coals, take round the hand-bills or go away for a holiday. There is money and satisfaction in it.

Undoubtedly a prolonged period of unemployment makes one not exactly unsociable if one is, like myself, of a sociable nature, but certainly less sociable. There are causes for this other than the aforementioned inferiority complex and lack of means to join in social events; there are fools, unintelligent fools, who believe that the fault of a man's being unemployed lies at his own door. This is especially so in isolated, gossip-ridden villages like the one in which I live, where, if one does not stand at street corners or go rapping on the wet benches in the public houses,

one is afraid to come out, ashamed, idle. This is carried as far even as chapels and boards of school managers. My wife was a school teacher in the village school, and when she married was placed on the supply list. Since I have been out of work, she has had no appointments, married women whose husbands are in good jobs getting preference. Such obtains at this very moment.

It follows, of course, that family life is made more difficult, testiness creeps in and often condemnation of a system is transferred illogically to the irksome limitations of the married state.

'If one were only single, without restraint, limitations'.

'If it were not for the child'.

These thoughts, sometimes expressed, give, when they do find an outlet in speech, occasion for a warm altercation, the resulting bitterness of which is only erased by periods of unintelligent silence. Still, these are rare: it is only when we allow hopelessness to tinge our natures that they occur.

Innate Optimism

Up to this point, the picture has been black; it could be no other, dealing as it does with a respectable and not unintelligent family who have been compelled to repress the social and self-assertive instincts which help to make any normal man or woman. But there is another side of the picture; we have ourselves left, which no beating of the world can touch; the Means Test, the indifference of those who are comfortable and secure, the denial of material happiness, none of these can dim or even flutter the steady flame. From such discussion, I must perforce leave my wife; in such vital matters I can only deal with myself. But first I must say that the bitterness, the irritation and gloominess that I experience are merely the result of being unable to give my wife and son the family life which is their right and which they really do deserve: that is, these feelings are emotional, not vital. For I am the most optimistic of beings, and though my attitude may be construed as Micawbian, it is not so, being based on an urge which has been driving me in one direction all my life. Deep down beneath all the material exigencies, I am happy, confident, always have been so. When this shows itself in reasonable optimism, my wife says I am 'easy going', whatever that means.

I have never worked anywhere but the pit, yet I have studied all the time as assiduously, and as intelligently I hope, as any man who has known no other 'line' in life than the academic. I passed London Matriculation, then took the Intermediate Arts Examination twice, failing in Logic once, the second time in Latin. When I became unemployed, pecuniary reasons made it impossible for me to continue, though that was not an extraordinarily devastating blow, for, while I realised that I was gaining knowledge and disciplining my mind, there was always something slightly distasteful to me to be compelled to study, as it were, in blinkers. I wanted to study life, then write about, or interpret what I felt and saw. I have always wanted to write, it is a vital thing with me, therefore I have used my enforced leisure to endeavour to fit myself for that congenial task. But my experience has somewhat limited my range, I feel that I shall never see life whole; my attempts must, it seems, be restricted to the lower-toned harmonies and disturbing discords of life: let those write of the high joy-levels and irresponsible frivolities who have never crashed from them. This does not destroy what I said of my innate optimism. I am determined to succeed, confident that I shall succeed in the literary world. Long ago I bought a typewriter and have had some minor successes. I study the styles of great novelists and write and write. Only a few days ago I finished a novel I had been working on for over a year. If it is ever accepted (and if it is not, my optimism will lose none of its quality) I hope the reviewers will take into consideration that the author is an unemployed miner, subjected monthly to a Means Test inquisition, knowing neither security nor normal comfort—matters creating a state of mind decidedly incompatible with that necessary for sustained effort.

This, then, my success in the literary field—I never dream of a 'best-seller'—seems the only light in our domestic darkness. I am optimistic enough, but my wife is impatient of results, preferring, as is natural, 'something now'—a steady income from a sure job. This means that I, like thousands more, go seeking work, eager, anxious to have money in one's own pocket after having satisfied the domestic purse. But it seems hopeless unless one has influence behind one, a letter of

recommendation; the mere fact of being connected with a church or club carries a name to the top of a long waiting list.

I suppose we shall continue in our present circumstances until I am agreeably shocked to hear someone say, 'start tomorrow', in reply to my application for a job, or until the optimism I feel with regard to my writings is proved a reality by a steady stream of cheques. Yet the very continuance means the persistence of a joyless life; the years are going, nerves shatter under the strain and pride finds it difficult to assert itself. My wife has been brave and hopeful, but being mortal and normal, with strong feminine instincts, persistent disap-

pointment must inevitably take toll. For myself it would be easy to answer an enquirer as to my reaction to our lowered level of subsistence. I could say that we still shared the sun and air, the fields and the woods, the Public Libraries. But, of course, other people, including my wife, have other levels of satisfaction.

As a miner, I was a square peg in a round hole; continued unemployment has shown me the difficult path to where my waggon is hitched. Yet, because I realise what responsibility as the head of a family rests upon me, I would lay all my heart's desires on one side and jump into the very next round hole I saw vacant.

VII—'Nothing I can do to Keep Myself Efficient'—A Skilled Millwright

I HAVE KNOWN A GOOD DEAL of unemployment, off and on, since the War, but this spell is the worst from every point of view. I was in my last job four years. I lost it in April, 1930, when nearly all the men in the foundry were turned off. I worked then for A—'s Foundry, Derby; my work was concerned with steam engines; it was skilled work and I flatter myself that I was a good worker and quick. Since losing my job I have had nine weeks' work on the road in three years.

I am forty-nine years old. My wife is a little younger and I have one daughter at home, twenty-six years old. My daughter is a cripple from childhood and will never be able to do anything more than dress and feed herself. At first I received 10s. a week from my Trade Union, in addition to the unemployment benefit, but the growing demands for trade union benefit reduced the funds so that within a year I could draw no more. My membership ceased two years ago. I drew unemployment benefit until the Means Test was applied to my case in November, 1932, when I was allowed 17s. a week. I appealed again a few months ago and was allowed another 3s. for my daughter

5d. a Day for 'Food' and 'Clothing'

It was very difficult for us to manage the first year after the Means Test. It was bad enough before, but 17s. a week, with 8s. 6d. for rent, is precious little for three people who have already been on the margin for over a year. It means reducing your living still further when you are already at your wits' end to know how to renew your collars and shirts and get a new pair of shoes. We have none of us had new shoes since I lost my job. I mend the old ones so long as they will stand it and my wife turns my shirts and collars about. She makes what clothes she can for herself of cotton stuffs, but she has no machine and she says that the lack of one makes all the difference to the look of the thing when it is done; and she cannot see to sew much by hand.

My married daughter came to live with us a year ago. She and her husband and little boy have the two front rooms; we have the two back rooms. This is a great help with the rent, of course, but that is the only way it does help. My wife does not get on very well with my son-in-law and we seem to be on top of each other all the time; the house is too small for two families, that's what is the matter, although I've no doubt we should manage well enough if I could be in work again. Everything seems to get out of hand so between my wife and daughter's family when I am at home.

We have never sold any of our furniture; we have never had much to sell, but we have run up one debt that we don't seem to be able to pay off. The baker comes the last on Saturday and he often gets left out when my wife is spending the relief money; in consequence we owe him nearly £5, which we are trying to pay off now by giving him a little each week on top of the week's bill. We have sometimes had to owe the grocer a week's or two weeks' money when we have bought a few bags of coal, in the winter; but we've always been able to meet that in time, although it has been a hard struggle. It is a great temptation to let the groceries bill run on so that we can spend a shilling or two more on meat or buy a piece of fish, but we have never done so. I have seen too much misery when others have done that. What we cannot buy we cannot have. It means having chilled meat once a week, half a pint of milk a day instead of a pint, no eggs, no jam and three-quarters of a pound of butter. We miss the eggs and milk most for we are not big meat-eaters at the best of times. I have a small garden and I grow potatoes to last half the winter and some summer vegetables too. That makes a big difference to us. My wife bakes a small cake once a week, and that is the extent of our diet—no meat after Sunday, no fish, bacon, eggs or jam. And I must say we miss these things more as time goes on and we grow more tired of bread and butter and cheese.

We keep in fairly good health: that is to say we have not been very ill in the last three years, but we do not enjoy the same thoroughly good health as we used to do. I have neuritis very badly, and before I fell out of benefit with the Health Insurance I used to go to the doctor about it, but he said it was 'nerves'. I find I cannot forget it; if I were in work I should be able to work off odd aches and pains, but now if I wake up with a

headache it stays with me for two days. My wife is often very poorly without being really ill. She has long fits of depression and then gets asthma and bronchitis. When she has had a bad bout for a month or two she seems to shake it off and go on all right for a few weeks. Her worst troubles are her eyes and teeth. She cannot see to thread a needle or read, and often complains that her eyes hurt her, but we cannot afford glasses which are at least 15s. Her teeth cause abscesses but we cannot afford to go to the dentist at 7s. 6d. a visit. When we have rheumatism or colds we apply old fashioned recipes; there are plenty of people hereabouts to give us good advice about herbs and liniments.

'There is no Substitute for Work'

I often wonder if my capabilities as a worker have suffered from three years' idleness. I certainly shouldn't be as slick with my tools now, nor quite as certain of dodging the machinery if I went back tomorrow; but I daresay a fortnight would see me well on the way to recovering my skill as millwright and, of course, the mere fact of being at work again would make a new man of me.

There is nothing I can do to keep myself efficient; odd repairs in a house are no substitute for constructional work on a steam engine. I like to do odd jobs, like mending boots, chopping up boxes for firewood and repairing things, but the sound of a hammer seems to send my wife fair crazy, so that when I'm not gardening I go out. I always go for a walk once a day, weather permitting, and I go to the Free Church Brotherhood rooms every evening. We pay a penny a week and in return we get a room for games. I like the games and I like to see the other men; it is a good thing to have someone to talk to, although I find we make very little conversation when there are no football matches to talk about. We do not go to the pictures, of course; and we have no wireless set. We often wish we had; we like music very much.

My wife goes out with a neighbour once a week. Like me she enjoys the beautiful walks in this part of the country. Apart from that she never goes out and never sees any friends. Our relatives live a long way off and our friends dropped off when I lost my job. They always do unless they are in the same plight themselves. Either they think we should sponge on them or we think they think it, so that in any case we cannot keep our friends. This makes it difficult for us; we both get miserable and fed up, and the only way to endure it is for me to keep out of the house. I think my wife looks on me now as a useless piece of goods, and worse than our old table.

My chief trouble is the monotony of a long spell of unemployment. We are willing to forego replacements in the home, even new clothes, although our present ones cannot last much longer. But monotonous and insufficient food and having nothing to do all day after the garden is done kill all a man's interest in life. I read a lot more and enjoy it; I buy the *Daily Herald* and borrow as many other papers and magazines as I can, and I am able to borrow books from the county library; but I have no wish now to attend political meetings or trade union branch meetings, and classes do not interest me. Perhaps I miss cigarettes most, and I hate being chained to the home most. There is no substitute for work. After the monotony I hate most the visits of the public assistance officer. He is very strict and gets to know everything about us. My wife is bad all day when he comes.

My chances of getting a job are a hundred to one. Even so, I don't despair but keep writing to different places to get taken on. I must have written a hundred letters in the last three years, but I think I should have been better advised to save the cost of stamps. I hardly expect to get in work again until there is a general revival. Sometimes I feel that unemployment is too big a problem for people to deal with and we can only put up with it if we are one of the unlucky ones; but at other times I feel that too little notice is taken of the vast number of people who are living in so much stress and poverty. It makes things no better, but worse, to know that your neighbours are as badly off as yourself, because it shows to what an extent the evil of unemployment has grown. And yet no one does anything about it.

New Designs for Playing Cards

Some entries in a competition arranged by Messrs. De La Rue. Editorial reference will be found on page 193



Design by Geoffrey Wales (1st prize)



Design by Alan Bemer Smith (2nd prize)



Design by W. T. Briers (3rd prize)



Design by Herry Perry

*Musical Views Enlarged**The Composer's Portion*

By ERIC BLOM

*'The hero-worship of genius is one of our inevitable, perhaps even desirable, delusions. We transfer to the artist the quality of his own work, on the false analogy of the whole and the part. . . . What we call his work and identify fancifully with his flesh and blood, is only partly his, and his only in a small part. His individual genius, the special brand of his temperament, are superadded to an incalculable joint work of generations of his predecessors, each of whom has added his own personal share and thus effected a greater or smaller change in the traditional heritage'**

DR. VERNON LEE would seem to be relieving the composer of the greater part of responsibility for his work. In reality she merely puts him into his historical place. If she relieves him of anything, it is of that which to any truly great man can only be a nuisance—admiration for a whole achievement of which he knows well enough only a fraction is really his own. And if he be not truly great, it is just as well for him to be reminded that all is not his doing which he imagines to be so. As for his public, a warning to listen with a due sense of perspective never comes amiss.

Let us dismiss that part of the quotation from Dr. Lee's book which deals with the familiar fallacy of seeking in the composer's personality qualities strikingly analogous to those of his work, and fasten on the more interesting and controversial notion of that work as 'only partly his, and only in a small part'. I say controversial merely because so many people are still anxious to dispute that a master of whose work they happen to be fond should not be entitled to their gratitude quite exclusively, for, however unwelcome it may be, the truth is undeniable and need be asserted only because music-lovers are all too reluctant to accept it.

Yet accepted it must be, not so much because it makes a corrective to hero-worship, but because it tends to make music-lovers too ready to be satisfied with a relatively small range of the art they profess to adore. Too often is one or another of them heard to say that Bach or Wagner or any other of the outstanding composers is good enough for him. If only he realised that so much of what is thus regarded as good enough is actually due to a number of other creative musicians of whom, or at least of whose music, he has never heard anything, he might be inclined to consider surveying a much wider field of musical interest.

Two instances: the music-lover accustomed to gaze upon the major figures without glancing either right or left, behind or in front, regards Bach and Handel as two masters of the hardest independence, scornfully aloof from the smaller fry of their art, much too original and powerful to submit to influences of any kind. He does not know that actually they were both vastly indebted to predecessors and older contemporaries, easily captivated by foreign models and not at all given to originating forms and fashions; or what is worse, he does not wish to know because his awareness of such facts would, he feels, diminish them in his eyes. The fault is his own: he wants to imagine that two coping-stones, raised to an imposing height, are made to rest on air by a mysterious power of their own in which he would rather believe than in the evidence of his eyes; which would tell him that they are upheld by a necessary substructure of other stones, less impressive perhaps, but in their own way just as important and often almost as beautiful.

What does he know of Handel who only Handel knows? Or of Bach, and for that matter of any other great composer? Too many admirers of these two masters—to keep the argument to them for the moment—wrong-headedly shut their eyes to the true situation because of a mistaken notion that it is derogatory to their idols to admit that they brought nothing new to music except their unusually strong personalities, as though that were not enough. The truth is that it is more than enough, in fact almost everything that matters, for it is significant that the originator of new forms or new aesthetic theories is almost invariably a musician of secondary creative power. No composer can do everything. It is curious to find that even the musical species we are accustomed to regard as most typical Bachian, the Choral Prelude, the Passion and the Church Cantata, were extensively cultivated by Bach's immediate precursors and generally current in his time, and it is significant that while he brought them all to their highest florescence, he also led them

to their inevitable decay. He raised their standard so high that they could improve no further, and the sequel could be no other than ruin. Thus the most fertile musical creator is not, as blind admirers would like to feel, constructive but destructive in the evolutionary sense. It is an artistic law of which it is useless to pretend to remain ignorant.

What is worse than useless is to disregard the smaller composers who are responsible for bringing into vogue the forms handled by their greater followers, for there is nothing so fascinating in the study of music as a digging down to the foundations of an edifice we have long loved and admired. Apart from the fact that we miss many beautiful things of perhaps minor importance, we do not fully value the immense personality and the compelling universality of the art of a master like Bach unless we have seen something of how others dealt with the same problems before him: men like Boehm, Hanff or Kellner with the Choral Prelude; Buxtehude, Pachelbel or Reincken with the organ Fugue; Schütz, Selle or Theile with the Passion and some of Bach's own ancestors with the Cantata.

Handel was no whit more independent—a sad discovery for people who like to establish those resemblances between the composer's personality and his work against which Dr. Vernon Lee warns us. There is, for example, the interesting special study of his plagiarisms to be made, those, to modern mentalities, unaccountable pilferings of a master of inexhaustible inventiveness from such minor figures as Clari, Habermann, Kerl, Muffat and Urio. Of more general interest is the observation that the sturdy German, who never lost that appalling Teutonic accent which eighteenth-century writers so conscientiously and provokingly tried to reproduce for posterity, should have been so easily swayed by the two foreign influences under which he came successively. In Italy he became as Italian as the best of them—and perhaps just a little better—with Corelli: foremost among those moulding his instrumental style and Alessandro Scarlatti becoming his great exemplar in opera. Then, long before he became a naturalised Englishman, he had grown into an English composer, with Purcell as the major influence and even folk dance and song not leaving him altogether immune.

Need one go farther? Is it necessary to point out that certain turns commonly regarded as out-and-out Mozartian may be found in the works of a great many minor eighteenth-century composers, if one only takes the trouble to look at Cimarosa, Paisiello, Gazzaniga, Mysliwiec, Martin, Gassmann and the rest of them. Indeed, every composer has a foundation of inherited stock-in-trade, and it is curious to note that in general the great masters are more easily content to deal in it than some smaller personalities. The madrigals of great figures like Monteverdi and Marenzio, for instance, are much more indistinguishable from the general run of the Italian madrigal than those of Gesualdo, the eccentric Prince of Venosa, who was as much of an artist in murder as in music, and whose work, absorbingly interesting though it be, decidedly traces a side-line. And even the most original of the great composers, Berlioz, would be found to be not so entirely without precedent as it is commonly supposed by those who do not happen to know his immediate forerunners, the composers who worked round about the French Revolution. A great deal of thoroughly Berliozian experimenting in orchestration, for instance, was done before him by Gossec.

Can it be questioned that we must agree with Dr. Vernon Lee when she regards musical hero-worship as founded to a large extent upon a delusion? But one must go farther than she does, for surely the delusion cannot be considered inevitable, much less desirable.

* *Music and Its Lovers: An Empirical Study of Emotion and Imaginative Responses to Music.* By Vernon Lee. Allen and Unwin. 18s. Page 321

*Excavators' Progress—VI**Etruria, Rome and Italy*

By STANLEY CASSON

This article deals with Area V in the map published on page 4 of our issue of July's

ITALY, like Greece, has been so thoroughly explored and investigated that recent research has of necessity confined itself to the simple task of enlargement of our already considerable knowledge of things Roman, Etruscan and Italian. Excavation in Italy is, with a few unimportant exceptions, only allowed to be carried out by Italians. There has not been, in consequence, quite the activity and extensive research that has restored to us so much of the past of the Greek world. But a multitude of small undertakings, together with several large enterprises controlled directly by the State, has given us a mass

opinion that antiquity was right and that the Etruscans were part of a great migration of an ancient Asiatic race of unknown origin from Asia Minor, who ultimately reached Umbria about the ninth century B.C. It is a remarkable fact that the earliest Etruscan sites are on the sea-coast, which seems to verify this belief. Another fact which seems to me, at any rate, to prove conclusively the Asiatic origin of the Etruscans, is that among their religious rites they indulged in divination by means of liver-inspection of sacrificed animals (or hepatoscopy), which happens to be one of the rarest modes of divination in the world. But it is a mode of divination common in both Asia Minor and in ancient Sumeria, and found in antiquity in no other area. In the face of this one piece of evidence it is extremely difficult for those who maintain—as many Italians attempt today to do—that the Etruscan race is indigenous, to stick to their guns. But those who, in fact, maintain that the Etruscans are indigenous assume that they are of a very ancient stock of pre-Aryan origin which had revived and recreated its racial unity. Theoretically, a resurgence or renaissance of ancient stock is just possible, but I know of no other instance in the history of Europe. And that not only their racial stock but also their ancient language and manner of life should have survived so completely from a Bronze or Neolithic Age is to assume the impossible. Ancient stocks often lasted late, like the Minoans of Crete who still survived in stray towns in Crete down to the fourth century B.C., and ancient styles of art can acquire a new lease of life like the Celtic art of Britain, which revived after the collapse of the Roman domination. But in both cases we can trace the ultimate origins of Minoan and Celt and see how a more or less continuous life was carried on during the period of foreign supremacy. But the Etruscans appear in an Italian world suddenly, completely equipped with all the elements of civilisation, and they join forces with the Italian native stock, not as conquerors, nor yet as resurgent nationalists of ancient stock, but quite simply as utter and complete strangers to a world in which they found a thriving population whose mode of life differed from their own in almost all fundamental things. Recent excavations have given no support of any kind to the view that the Etruscans

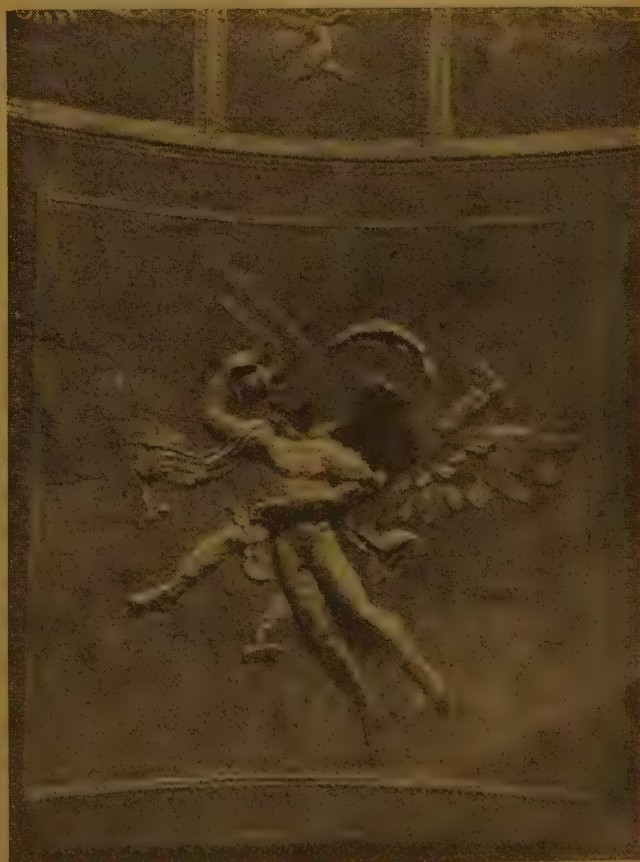


The head of the Apollo of Veii, a figure in terracotta larger than life-size

Photograph: Alinari

of new information. The difficulty is to segregate the important from the merely sensational. In this context we can at once dismiss the drainage of the lake of Nemi and the discovery of the sunken State Barges of the Roman empire as an enterprise of some small interest but of no scientific importance. The state-controlled clearance of the forum of Trajan and that of Augustus rank among the major excavations, the prime object of which is the disentanglement of old buildings from modern, while those at Pompeii, Herculaneum and Ostia are excavations in the proper sense of the term for the purpose of actual discovery of new things.

Much research, excavation at small sites, and general speculation have been carried out in the last ten years in the Etruscan field. Strange though it may seem, the Etruscans still remain the principal riddle of Italian history. For here was a people of great gifts artistically, of great organising power and military ability, who differed from the Italians and Romans in almost every particular. Their language was unlike any other in Europe, though it was written in Greek characters. Nor has it yet been fully understood or translated, although hundreds of inscriptions exist. Their religion was strange and exotic and their art an odd adaptation, touched with a streak of genius, of Greek art, from which it steadily drew almost all its main inspiration. Antiquity maintained that the Etruscans entered Italy from Asia Minor in the early part of the first millennium B.C. But no absolutely certain proof of this has yet been forthcoming. On the other hand, excavations in Asia Minor give some hints of a connection. But there have been many views on the origins of the Etruscans and it is safe to say that no one single view has been conclusively proved. Yet there is a general consensus of



Rape of Ganymede—detail of the vault of the nave in the Basilica at Porta Maggiore

Journal of Roman Studies



Forum of Augustus: the site in process of excavation and clearing

By courtesy of the Minister of Public Instruction, Rome

are indigenous, however flattering that view may be to Italian nationalism: while, on the other hand, the new discoveries made at the island of Lemnos off Asia Minor give some colour to the theory that Lemnos was one of the halting places of Etruscan people on their way west; and those now engaged on the decipherment of the new tablets from Ras Shamra, referred to in an earlier article, think that there are Etruscan linguistic affinities in one of the new languages revealed by the tablets. Here, in any case, is another problem which the pick and shovel of the patient excavator will ultimately decide.

A great deal of steady work has been done in Italy on the culture of the Italian peoples of the Iron Age who were in occupation of Italy when the Etruscans arrived. Archaeology again has been able to correct the traditional history-book view that Italy was inhabited by savage and primitive tribes and by a few less primitive Etruscans, until Rome at last civilised this rude barbarism. Quite otherwise, Italy was occupied by a variety of tribes of which the majority had evolved a very high stage of civilisation indeed long before the Romans set out on their long journey of organisation and imperial progress. In the Bronze Age Italy received a powerful immigration of tribes from the great breeding grounds of the Danube Valley. Where Greece had been civilised in the Bronze Age by the magnificent culture of Crete, acting on a native culture, which was only tinged at first by Danubian influences, Italy developed in the same Bronze Age, wholly untouched by Crete or Mycenæ, but tremendously vitalised by the Bronze Age of the Hungarian plains. No trace of Cretan or Mycenaean remains has been found in the whole of the Italian peninsula from the Alps to the toe of Italy. Sicily is quite another story, and is largely dependent upon Greek influences in prehistoric days. But by about 1500 B.C. the Danubian Bronze Age peoples had created a fairly uniform culture of a high order throughout Italy. There was, indeed, little difference between the highest European Bronze Age culture and that of Italy, which looked northwards, not to the south. But if the culture was uniform the racial stock was not. Older Neolithic stock survived with some of its older characteristics in the east side of Central Italy throughout the Bronze and Iron Ages. The Iron Age itself began about 1200, due, like the Bronze Age, to influences from the north. The most important and most competent of these early Italian peoples were the Villanovans (as they are known to archaeologists). These people had brought the art of metal working to its highest perfection. They had learned it in the Danube valley and arrived already fully competent. Bologna was the main centre of an enormous trade in metal-work, and by the sixth century Bolognese ornaments and vessels of bronze were imported to Western Europe until later they were purchased by the pre-Roman Iron Age Celts of France and Britain. Most areas of Italy, even down to Rome itself, have provided traces of these Villanovans. And it was into an Italy already half-civilised that the Etruscans came in the ninth century. They joined forces with the natives and learned from them almost as much as they taught. The blend was a most fortunate one for Italy. In the north-east

Etruria had but little influence, and the Iron Age native life continued even long after the foundation of Rome. Bologna and the province of Venetia still kept up the strong connection with the Danube valley. But farther south on the east coast the people were more primitive, being descendants of the Neolithic Age who had adopted the Bronze Age life but not advanced much beyond it, although they retained a strong local nationalism. Among these more primitive and non-Danubian peoples were the Samnites of history.

This in the main is the outline of recent research into Italian prehistory, a study fundamentally different from Greek prehistory and meeting it at hardly any point. It is unnecessary for me to say how important it is to establish clearly the origins



Podium of the temple of Mars Ultor in the Forum of Augustus

By courtesy of the Minister of Public Instruction, Rome

of the Greek and Roman peoples. That the distinction between the two has been so clearly made is one of the chief results of post-War research.

Among the most important excavations to illustrate the various periods of Italian history the following deserve note. In 1916 work near the site of the Etruscan city of Veii, which was throughout Roman history a particular thorn in the side of Rome, revealed the remains of a group of terracotta figures of great size which had originally adorned the pediment of an Etruscan temple. The almost complete figure of an Apollo larger than life-size was the principal discovery. With it were large fragments of other figures sufficient to make it certain that the pedimental scene was the well-known Greek subject of the dispute of Apollo and Herakles for the tripod at Delphi. But the workmanship of the group, in the manner of Etruscan art of about 500 B.C., was of the very highest order. Indeed we can say that Etruscan art as seen in these figures was an art of the first rank, although dependent for inspiration on Greek art. The spirit and vigour of these terracottas show the vitality and strength of Etruscan artistic genius, and the actual medium, when used for large-scale statues, was one in which Etruscan artists were supreme in the ancient world. Greek terracottas of this size were never made. The statues were found in a position which suggested that after the capture of Veii pious Etruscans had deliberately buried the damaged statues of their sanctuary.

Among the larger excavations those of the Port of Ostia have been most successful. Here was revealed the complete plan of the great port, with many of the buildings standing more than one storey high. The port developed out of a small nucleus, a fort not two hundred yards square. The earliest remains went back to the fourth century B.C. The most ancient walls of Ostia were probably visible in the time of Virgil, and they may have inspired his description of the settlement of Æneas in a *castrum* at the Tiber mouth. Of later dates many important inscriptions were found, one in a Mithræum being of particular interest, since it recorded the replacement of a painted figure of a god on canvas by a stone statue. Shops, streets and warehouses were cleared and the main outlines of ancient Ostia restored. Work has been carried out steadily at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The virtue of these sites is that they preserve two cities which were abandoned at a fixed moment of time. Sites which were destroyed by human agency, or left uninhabited, leave less material with which to reconstruct the daily life of the inhabitants. No site is so satisfactory as a site overwhelmed by a cataclysm. These two towns thus remain ideal from the archaeologist's point of view. That they have in the past or are likely in the future to contribute largely to our knowledge of ancient art is more speculative. Statues from both places are numerous and much has been learned of Greek and Roman art at second hand by the medium of poor copies of better works by Greeks. There have been some few fine finds, like the bronze boy found recently in the *Via dell'abondanza* at Pompeii. But for the most part these towns were neither very rich nor very cultured. The villas of the Emperors are much more likely to yield up fine works of art. The recent finds at Herculaneum show



Sculptured portrait of Livia, the wife of Augustus and mother of Tiberius, found at Pompeii buried in volcanic ash from Vesuvius

that the houses here, being buried in liquid mud and not by ashes as at Pompeii, are better preserved, even an example of woodcarving having been found. The houses, too, are larger and better than those at Pompeii.

Strangest of all discoveries was that originally made by accident of a complete underground *basilica* near the Porta Maggiore, actually beneath the track of the railway from Rome to Naples. It was first found by the chance revelation that the track-ballast was slipping into a hole into the ground and endangering the permanent way. The hole was found to lead down to an unsuspected building of great elegance and beauty. The building is in almost perfect preservation and measures 12 by 9 metres. It had an atrium-like vestibule and the main hall was supported by six rectangular columns. At the end was an apse. The walls were adorned with numerous scenes in stucco-relief rendered in the manner apparently of the first century A.D. The scenes in the panels were all taken from Greek mythology and all seem to contain some religious connotation or meaning. But what the religion was to which this chapel was dedicated we do not know. It has been suggested that it was used by a secret cult of Pythagoreans or by some Orphic creed. However that may be, there was evidently some need of secrecy, otherwise it is difficult to see why the building should have been under the ancient Roman level of the ground.

The excavation of the Imperial Fora has proceeded apace and many modern buildings in Rome have been removed in order to throw open these ancient spaces. Few individual works of art of importance have been found, but new buildings not previously known have been revealed. Thus in the Forum of Trajan the plan of a library has been made out, and in the Forum of Augustus a close examination of the architectural remains has suggested that the Forum had a two-storey colonnade in the Hellenistic manner. Ancient Rome is now more visible to the eye than at any period in recent times. Every area of the great *fora* that can possibly be cleared of encumbering modern houses is in process of clearance. The state-control of these enterprises has undoubtedly aided them enormously.



Rich man's house in Herculaneum, with fragments of fresco on the lower walls and a stone pool sunk in the centre of the floor

God and the World Through Christian Eyes—XIV

Man and Morality

By Dr. C. C. J. WEBB

IN the world as seen through Christian eyes, there is no more remarkable fact than what we call Morality, Duty, Obligation. These words are apt to suggest, it must be allowed, something important perhaps, but repressive, dull, uninspiring. Therefore, before saying what I have to say of that which they denote, I should like to remind you of what one of them suggested to a great poet by quoting part of Wordsworth's famous Ode to Duty, which begins:

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty!

and ends:

. . . I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

I do not think that Wordsworth could have felt the emotions which he here expresses so nobly, had he not thought that the distinction between right and wrong was, what some people nowadays are unwilling to allow it to be, an *absolute* distinction. What I mean by this is, I think, best to be understood by considering another familiar distinction, that between *true* and *false*. Few statements which have been held to be true have not by other people, or by the same people at other times, been held to be false. So difficult does it often seem to make up our minds what is true that we are sometimes inclined to shrug our shoulders and ask, like jesting Pilate, 'What is truth?'—as if we were in doubt whether there is any such thing, or, if there be, whether it would be possible to discover it. Yet there would be no sense in saying that it is impossible to find out what is true, if we did not mean that this very statement itself is true, and its opposite false. Thus we are taking for granted all the time that there is such a thing as truth and even that we know, at least in one case, what is true.

Now the distinction between true and false is what I call an *absolute* distinction. We hear a great deal nowadays about Relativity. We are told by eminent men of science that many things which we used to take for granted were absolute, are really relative; and this makes some people inclined to wonder whether perhaps there is anything which can rightly be called absolute at all. I am not going to talk about what is known as the Theory of Relativity, which is associated with the name of Einstein, for I am not competent to do so. But it is to be remembered that we may ask whether that or any other theory is *true*. We cannot get rid of the notion of absolute truth. Even if someone offers us an explanation of how we might have come by such a notion without there being anything real which corresponds to it, this explanation is itself put forward as being true as against all others. That is to say, it is put forward as being absolute truth.

Consciousness of Absolute Obligation

Now I believe that the distinction between right and wrong is one which we are as much compelled to make as that between true and false. There are indeed men and women in whose minds some of the language about duty and responsibility, which a former generation accepted as a matter of course, awakens no response. They are prepared to question the sanctity of particular duties once regarded as of principal importance, and the heinousness of sins which, some years ago, would have blasted the reputation of those suspected to have committed them. They would say that all duties, so called, have come to be considered such only because they have been supposed to conduce to individual or social welfare. Yet these same people will be found in practice to recognise *some* duty or duties as binding on them, 'though it were to their own hindrance'. They regard some crimes—treachery to a comrade, perhaps—as unpardonable; some requirements—it may be that of relieving an unloving partner from the legal bond of marriage—as requirements which any decent man would fulfil, at whatever cost to himself. We may not agree with them as to what they think right or wrong; but

they have admitted the principle of absolute obligation in fact, if not in theory. Take, again, the man of science who believes himself to be emancipated from the superstition of an absolute morality, and able to tell us how that superstition arose. Yet in this same man of science we shall usually find an unwavering acknowledgment of the claim of ascertained truth upon his allegiance, and a conscientious refusal to commit himself to statements about his own science in which he does not believe. Thus he, too, bears testimony to the impossibility of eliminating from human nature the consciousness of absolute obligation.

Now it is true that sometimes, when we say that we are *obliged* to do this or that, we mean no more than that we see we must do it to attain some particular object. But we can always get rid of an obligation of this kind by saying, 'I don't want to get this thing which you tell me I can only get, or to be the sort of person you tell me I shall only become, by taking this course. At least, I don't care enough about getting this thing, or becoming this sort of person, to pay the price of taking this course, although I know it is the only way open to me'. Of a really moral obligation, on the other hand, we cannot thus get rid. If I am morally bound to take a certain course, I must take it whether I like it or not, and whatever I stand to gain or to lose by it, I shall reproach myself if I do not take it, whatever the consequences may be. It may no doubt sometimes be very difficult to be sure that we are thus bound in a particular case. Again, it is possible to have what Newman has called a 'false conscience', and to continue to feel uncomfortable about doing things which we have been accustomed to regard as 'wrong', although we may now be convinced that they are innocent or right. Yet, if we did not know by experience what it is to be under an absolute obligation—and knowing this is quite different from perceiving that only by using certain means can we attain a certain end which we desire—we should not feel the difficulty or suffer from the 'false conscience'.

I cannot here attempt to examine the many efforts which have been made to show that our consciousness of absolute obligation or duty may have arisen by mistaking for this something really quite different, such as a feeling induced in us by habit, or association of ideas, or herd-instinct, or what not. I will only ask you to put to yourselves such questions as the following. Let us assume that it is right to seek 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number', and even that it is doubtful whether anything can be right which may be shown to have a tendency to diminish the general happiness. Yet is it not plain that these two notions, the notion of what is right and the notion of what conduces to the general happiness, are quite distinct? For, if they were really the same notion, the question whether they do or do not apply to the same things would be quite without meaning or, at the best, merely one about words. Again, though what we consider to be right or wrong is doubtless often dictated to us by the conventions of the society to which we belong, would it be possible, if 'right' meant no more than 'conventionally required', to think it right to defy conventions? Yet we certainly sometimes do think it right to defy them, even at the risk of personal suffering. Lastly, if to do what is right means to do what we think will in the long run promote our own happiness, could we admire (as we all do) John Stuart Mill's exclamation that, rather than flatter with lies a God who could and would send him to hell for refusing to do so, 'to hell he would go'?

Variations in Moral Standards

So far I have been speaking of the nature of our moral consciousness and insisting that it is a consciousness of what may be called *absolute obligation*. But I have said nothing of what that conduct is which we are conscious of being under an absolute obligation to pursue. Now, different individuals, nations, classes have, at different times and in different places, regarded themselves as under a moral obligation to act in very different ways. In part this is explicable by difference of circumstances. We all consider it right for a man to do one thing at one time and

another at another time, and we do not think him inconsistent in his principles of conduct for so acting. Sometimes too we are tempted to exaggerate the difference between the courses of action which are supposed to be right at different stages of social development. This happens because we do not sufficiently attend to the particular point which is, in the case before us, approved as being right. For example, in a certain passage of the Old Testament, Saul is condemned for sparing one of the enemies whom he has been ordered to massacre. But it is not with his humanity that fault is found, for it is not from humanity that he is represented as sparing the king of the Amalekites. What he is blamed for is disobedience, and his object in sparing the king is, it would seem, a selfish and disloyal preference of a personal triumph for himself to the interests of his people, whom he is exposing to the jealous vengeance of their tribal deity. Still, when all deductions have been made, there is a great variation in the moral standards of different ages and countries. Yet there can in the end be no criterion by which to judge between rival claims to be the right course other than that which is afforded by the reaction of the moral consciousness itself, when the issue is fairly placed before it. The moral consciousness or, if we like better to call it so, the conscience, is no more infallible than is our perception of truth or our perception of beauty. Like these it can be trained, and, like these, we think it more or less likely to be judging rightly, according as we find the perceptions of others coincide or fail to coincide with our own. Nevertheless, in the last resort, it can only be corrected by itself. Even if we trust another's judgment in preference to our own, it is because we judge that his is more trustworthy; and this is a moral judgment of our own.

Thus, if we take the supreme principle of morality to be expressed in Christ's summary of the whole duty of man as comprised in the love of God and of our neighbour, it is because this summary satisfies our reason and conscience as they can be satisfied by no set of positive rules and prohibitions. For any such positive rules and prohibitions, however generally applicable, it might in certain conceivable circumstances be right to set aside. But we can conceive no circumstances in which it would be right to set aside the law of love to God and to our neighbour. The traditional code of Christendom is indeed on many accounts entitled to respect. The long experience which it embodies, the moral insight of the great prophets and saints by whose teaching and example it has been moulded, and the fruits which it has borne in the disciplining of human character and the amelioration of human life, all commend it to our veneration. But it is the task of the Christian moralist in every generation to test this code by its tendency to carry out the two great commandments, of love to God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, and to our neighbour as ourself. Again and again has the application of this test modified the code which had been previously regarded as Christian, and there is no reason to suppose that this process has reached its end.

God is the Supreme Authority

Yet I believe it to be natural to feel that in our consciousness of absolute obligation we are in fact conscious of the presence of One higher than ourselves to whom we are responsible. So feeling, we come to interpret our consciousness of absolute obligation as in fact a consciousness of God. Nor, speaking for myself, do I think that any other interpretation of it is adequate. Now this consciousness of God, as the authority by whom the moral law is imposed upon us, is in Christianity further interpreted as a consciousness of One who has loved us and shown His love in sending His Son to be our Saviour, and who bids us love Him in return and exhibit our love for Him in our love of our neighbours. For they, since He reveals Himself to them, no less than to us, as a loving Father, are not our neighbours only, but our brethren.

The love thus commanded is not, it must be observed, the sort of love which we feel for the objects of our peculiar affection, for this sort of love cannot be commanded or felt to order. Indeed, the Greek word used in the New Testament for the love of God and of our neighbour is not the word which denotes such a peculiar affection. It signifies the seeking of another's good, as we would have them seek ours. This is a sort of love which can be commanded, and can be directed

towards those by whom we are not specially attracted, and even towards those by whom we are repelled. In this sense we can love our enemies, and are by Christ bidden to do so. But, although the command is a command to love in this sense and not in the sense of feeling affection, the practice of acting with a view to someone's good tends, by a psychological law, to produce a genuine emotion of goodwill towards those whose good we thus seek. No doubt men naturally seek the good of those towards whom they are drawn by family affection or physical charm or similarity of tastes or common interests of any kind. But the goodwill thus aroused is too variable and uncertain, too dependent on the accidents of the individual's life, to serve as the basis of moral obligation. On the other hand, that goodwill which depends upon a common relation to the Person who lays upon us the obligation of morality, and is revealed to us as the loving Father of all men, can serve as the basis of moral obligation. Love of such a Father, in response to His love for us, and of all men as bound to us by a common relation to Him, affords in Christianity a principle of conduct which is capable of guiding us amid the 'changes and chances' of life. For it is not subject to those exceptions and to that liability to alteration by circumstances which disqualify all merely positive rules from serving as ultimate and unconditional laws of human behaviour. Such positive rules are not indeed to be discarded; but they find their sanction in their tendency to promote and to express the love of God and of our neighbour; and they are never exempt in principle from possible revision in the light of that supreme requirement. This is so even where we may be most firmly convinced that their violation would be incompatible with the due fulfilment of that requirement.

Love of God the Distinctive Christian Motive

It is indeed not to be denied that, throughout the history of the Christian religion, Christian morality has constantly been presented as a positive law of conduct, prescribed by supernatural authority, and entailing upon those who obey or disobey it respectively rewards and punishments in a life beyond the grave. The prominence of this presentation of Christian morality is, I think, to be explained by a contrast which Christianity offered to other systems to which it has found itself opposed. In distinction from these, Christianity was concerned to emphasise the element of absolute obligation in morality and also to inculcate the faith that the authority which is revealed in the moral law is ultimately supreme over the whole universe. These articles of its creed almost inevitably clothed themselves in an imaginative dress, which it borrowed from the expectations of the end of the world current in the Jewish circles wherein it had originally arisen. Thus it spoke of an unescapable tribunal or judgment seat before which all men must stand and which is finally to dispense to every human being a doom corresponding to the response which he or she has made to the challenge at once of manifest authority and of appealing love. But the distinctively Christian motive for conduct is not the desire of attaining heaven or of avoiding hell, as places or states of individual bliss or individual suffering. It is the love of God; indeed, to those who have drunk most deeply of the Christian spirit, heaven and hell have themselves been symbols respectively of union with, and of separation from, the God whom men have in the one case loved, or, in the other case, failed to love.

It has only been possible here to dwell upon certain main features of morality, and I will end by reminding you what these have been. They are two. The first is its character of absolute obligation. If we are honest with ourselves, we shall find ourselves aware of being in the presence of a law which we are under an absolute obligation to obey, though we may often be in doubt what this law commands us to do here and now. The second is its character of a law of love. We can never be content to regard ourselves as under an obligation to do or to forbear doing this or that action merely because we are arbitrarily commanded so to do or to forbear. This is the case even though the authority which commands is able to send us to hell for disobedience. But there is an absolute obligation which we can be content to recognise, as satisfactory to our reason and conscience. I mean the absolute obligation to respond to the love of a Father who seeks only the good of His children, and ourselves to seek the good of our fellow-men, the children of the same Father, as being in that Father's sight of no less value than our own.

Out of Doors

Musk Remembered

By JASON HILL

ONE of the advantages of being well over forty—perhaps the only one—is that you may claim to remember the smell of the little yellow-flowered Musk Plant, which scented the conservatory and the cottage window in the days of hansom cabs and an almost negligible income tax, and has now vanished from the world, perhaps irrevocably.

The disappearance of the scent has given rise to a good deal of correspondence in the Press and to many theories: here are the facts, which were collected by Mr. E. M. Holmes and published by him in *The Gardeners' Chronicle* some years ago.

When Douglas discovered the plant in British Columbia in 1824, he reported that it was usually scentless, but that colonies of scented plants occurred here and there, most often on the banks of the rivers and never near the coast. The plant was introduced into England and soon became popular for its soft musky fragrance, which was so perfectly suited to the quiet air of the Victorian conservatory and drawing-room, that it seems almost fitting that it should have come in with that particular period of taste and have departed with it. But as far back as 1880 it was noticed that the scent was diminishing in some of the plants in England and about ten years later it had begun to die out altogether in some places. The loss of the scent was gradual but universal, affecting the plants in New Zealand and North America as well as everywhere in Europe, and was certainly not due to conditions of cultivation, to any observable change in the glandular hairs or to the introduction of Harrison's Hybrid Musk in 1877; and a careful search among the wild plants in British Columbia has failed, so far, to reveal any scented forms.

It seems, on the face of it, as though the Musk Plant's power of producing scent was a botanical character that was never very well fixed and that it might have been already dropping out when the plant was discovered a hundred years ago. This would mean that we have been witnessing the last act of a minor drama of natural selection—the disappearance of an unwanted character. There is nothing inherently impossible in this, though it is difficult to find a parallel for such a rapid and complete fading out.

There is, however, another way of regarding this scent; for scented substances are often waste products, which the plant uses to attract insects or merely eliminates, as the circumstances of its life determine; and the musky substance may here have been the result of some disorder of metabolism from which the plant has now recovered. There is, I believe, a rare disease in human beings which causes the ears to turn slate blue, and it is conceivable that this anomaly, if it had been thought becoming, might have turned into a permanent character; but natural selection is against it, as it may be against the scent of the Musk Plant.

If these theories seem unsatisfactory, as well they may, I might suggest another: that the Musk Plant never had any scent, but that its muskiness was produced by bacteria or algæ, which lived in close association with it, and that these have

died out, leaving their host to flourish without them. There is little to support this theory, except that the scent seemed to be given off by the whole plant and that it had a mossy, unflowerlike quality, such as you find in the muskiness of certain algæ and liverworts; but it may be possible to test it, for, as a matter of fact, the scent has not vanished completely and here and there you may meet a plant in which a trace of the old fragrance is just perceptible on a warm damp day and I think (but it is difficult to be sure) that I have noticed it in the soil in which the plant is growing.

The disappearance of the scent has given rise not only to

theories, but also to a legend, that a reward, varying from five pounds to five hundred, awaits the discoverer of the scented Musk Plant; but the legend has even less foundation than the theories. It gave rise also to some anxiety, and people began to murmur that other garden plants were losing their scent, that Roses, Sweet Peas and Mignonette were not as fragrant as they used to be, and someone has just written to one of the gardening papers to say that this year a Lime tree in flower was scentless and ignored by the bees. Well, there will never, one must admit, be roses quite so fresh and fragrant as those we knew when all was young, but if we allow some discount for this particular effect of time, we shall find that there are plenty of sweetly scented modern roses; and if there are many scentless ones as well we must look for an explanation in the popularity of the orange-



Pot of Musk

Drawing by John Nash

scarlet and apricot shades of the Pernetiana hybrids, for the old-rose scent, which is not found in any wild yellow rose, does not combine easily with these colours. In flowers which have been recently developed, such as Sweet Pea and (to some extent) Mignonette, we must remember that the breeder is aiming at certain qualities of size, colour and shape, and that, in reshuffling the characters, scent may not be included in the combination which he and the purchasing public desire. For example, it is quite easy to breed a very fragrant Sweet Pea, but if you demand that it shall be not only scented but have waved petals, a brilliant colour and carry five flowers on a stem, you may have to wait a very long time before this combination appears among your seedlings.

There is nothing in the manipulations of the florist which is positively detrimental to the development of scent; on the contrary, they may, even without intention, improve it. The mere doubling of a scented flower increases its fragrance, as we may notice by comparing double Roses, Pinks and Pæonies with the natural single forms, and sometimes, as in the Nasturtium, doubling brings into prominence a scent which might otherwise pass unnoticed. In the scent of some of the hybrid Syringas (*Philadelphus*), part of the heavy sweetness of *P. Coronarius* has been combined with a lemon element from the rather over-ripe fruitiness of the other parent to produce a new and very delightful perfume.

The Sweet William is the only flower, as far as I know, whose scent seems to have diminished of late years—if memory is not at fault. On the other hand, the Lime tree may be acquitted, I think, of losing its scent, and the charge may have arisen because

its scent belongs to the musk group, which, like the violet group, fatigues our olfactory nerve endings very quickly—even to the point of insensibility—and, as the scent of the Lime tree is diffused far and wide, it is possible to become saturated with it and insensitive to it while it is still too dilute to be noticeable.

The scent of the Lime tree and its property is shared to some extent by the ivory-white flowers of *Rosa arvensis* which appear in the hedgerows a little later than the pink flowers of the Dog Rose, but it is rather more elusive because it is produced only by the ripe stamens and on this account it is almost invariably described as scentless in the books; yet it has a fairly powerful scent, which is almost identical with that of the Musk Rose, of which old Parkinson says (with unnecessary scepticism) 'some there be that have avouched that the chiefest scent of these roses consisteth not in the leaves [petals] but in the threads of the flowers', and it deserves, I think, to be called the Wild Musk Rose. And it has some claim, though this was disallowed on the ground of scentlessness in a recent correspondence in the Press, to be the Musk Rose of the poets, which can scarcely have been the old garden Musk Rose, for this flowers too late by three months or more to be 'mid-May's eldest child', a description which could apply accurately only to the fragrant Burnet Rose,

which Keats may possibly have thought that he was meeting again later in *Rosa arvensis*, 'the murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves'.

The scent of the Musk Roses is rather more waxy and less honey-sweet than the pleasanter fragrance of the Lime flowers, and it lies only on the outskirts of the group of Musk scents, which ranges from the dry muskiness of honeycomb and ambergris to the lusciousness of ripe William's Pears and the faint sickly sweetness of the Musk Thistle. And the Musk Rose is a very poor understudy to the old Musk Plant, whose scent came so close to that of authentic Musk, and was so popular that many people thought that the Musk of the perfumer was obtained from the plant and not from the little Musk deer, which leads a hunted life in the mountain thickets of Mongolia and Tibet. So the real Musk is still with us, but even this is not of assured permanence, for, although the chemists have been trying assiduously to reproduce the scent of Musk in the laboratory, they have not yet quite hit the mark; and the Musk deer still holds the fatal monopoly which must lead sooner or later to his extinction and, unless the perfume chemists have reached their goal before then, the scent of Musk will vanish into antiquity and Muhammad's paradise.

A Norfolk Holiday

By E. L. GRANT WATSON

THE Norfolk Broads which are so beautiful and so teeming with bird life in May and October are best avoided in August when they are only too full of motor-boats, and paper bags and other refuse of picnic parties are much in evidence. In August the Broads are too overcrowded with human beings for the man who wants to be alone with nature to find much satisfaction, though they may very well afford an excellent social holiday for those who look primarily for gay parties, evening dances, beach-costumes and gramophones. Yet there are places not very far distant that are still undiscovered by the crowd, where the charm of late summer in its peculiar stillness may be tasted. The water-ways are in most of these places too narrow for sailing-wherries, and the best outfit for a man who looks for solitude is a duck-punt and a tent.

There are rivers which shall be nameless, and water-cuts which have no names, where a duck-punt can be paddled between the narrow banks and where the rich slumberous quality of August can be felt. August, I have often felt, marks, in a sense the end of the year, and above all other months is the month of rest. The buds which are to open into next year's leaves and flowers are already formed on the trees; the task of reproduction in most of the vegetation is accomplished, and in August the life of the country seems to pause and breathe quietly to itself before the last vigorous activities of the dying year, when much vegetable growth is added to the woody plants which are to survive the winter. In the flat lands of the eastern counties we can feel in a most satisfactory manner this pause in the breathing of the earth, which comes with the late summer, and nowhere can it be felt more satisfactorily than when afloat on water in a small boat. The near presence of the water, from which we are divided by only a thin plank, saves us from the feeling of inner restlessness and lassitude that this sense of waiting sometimes produces. The clear water and the green submerged weeds that grow in it, and the sight of the fishes, that dart in amongst the weeds as they sway in the stream, enable us the more easily and profitably to lie back and to listen and to wait with the waiting season. And when the evening comes, and the sense of expectation which we have felt all day seems in part fulfilled, how pleasant it is then to make our camp on the edge of a broad meadow, and to see the smoke of the camp-fire curling up in the still air and mingling with the faint streaks of mist that are already rising a few feet

above the water. Now is the time to see the moon, full and silver and solitary near down to the horizon.

Very few birds are singing in August, and the evenings, which in May and June are so full of sound, are almost silent. Of course not really silent, but only comparatively so, for the gnats are singing their threatening evening songs, a fish jumps now and again, a late wasp or two still buzz round the jam-jar and a couple of sedge-warblers are chattering to one another in the tall reeds on the other side of the stream.

At this time if you walk quietly along the bank, you will see herons fishing and hunting for water rats. Often these great birds will come fearlessly close to the tent, as they work their way down the sides of the stream, and sometimes, indeed, they



Ormesby Broad

Photograph: J. Dixon Scott

will come too close, for I have known them steal all our new-caught perch, that we had left outside the tent, there to wait till breakfast-time. As a warning to others I would advise covering up any fish left outside tent or boat at night. A heron will take a very short time to eat the lot.

Midday when the sun is hot is one of the best times for perch-fishing, though they will bite well enough in the evening too. When one feels too lazy to paddle any further, then is the time to fish with a short line over the side of the boat on the shadowy side, for the fish bite better in the shadow. If one can find the right place, perch can be easily caught, and can be pulled out



Herons on the watch for fish and water-rats

By courtesy of 'Country Life'

one after another; but if fished on a rod, they will give quite a game fight. Those who have not caught them before should remember that they have a sharp, spiny fin on their backs, which they can flick up suddenly and give an unpleasant stab, if you are not careful when taking them off the hook. Eels may also be caught in many of the dykes. There are many ways of catching eels, but the way which is simplest and most effective is to tread the mud with bare feet, and when you feel the eels wriggle, stab them with a four-pronged spear. This method may not appeal to squeamish people, but most boys find it good fun. And while on the subject of fishing, I would say that wasp-grubs, of which there is usually a plentiful supply in August, make most excellent bait. Fish love them.

Many of the birds which have been driven away from the larger broads and rivers by the motor-boats and gramophones are to be found in large numbers along the banks of the smaller streams and dykes. The reed-frequenting warblers are most of them to be seen in August, if one takes the trouble to look, though they are not nearly so easy to observe as in the earlier months when they are more vocal, and when the growth of the sedge is not so thick. Yet if you sit still listening and watching, it is easy to see what an enormous number of birds there are at this time of year. This is not surprising, for all the young birds are there with their parents, and in many cases the large flocks of small birds that are to be seen all through the winter months are now just forming. Amongst these the most noticeable are the starlings. Flocks of thousands gather each evening in the reed beds, and these flocks get increasingly larger as the year grows older. The gathering of the starlings at sunset is one of the most wonderful sights that the English countryside has to offer, and anyone who has seen it is not likely ever to forget it. The birds come in small flocks from all quarters, in groups of thirty or forty, and in larger groups of several hundreds. They come whizzing through the air at a tremendous pace, and when they join with a larger flock, they execute wild evolutions of wheelings and twistings, and then in the larger, merged flock they swoop and fly round the reed-bed while others, later comers, arrive and join them. And as the flock grows ever larger they wheel and whirl in their wonderfully ordered flight; sometimes they are like a vast black ribbon drawn across the sky, and then they rush together to a centre to re-form in the figure of some crouched animal, and then like the huge wing of a bird they are spread out and lifted, and then suddenly, all descending at once, they are poured out like numberless black drops of water, and

spread like a low-sweeping veil over the earth, to rise again to re-form, and again to be joined by others, and continue their twilight dances, which express not the individual starling but the soul and essence of the flock.

I have sometimes stood watching close under the rush of their wings for more than an hour, while they gather for their night-roosting, and as I have watched, I have felt the power of their collective being, for these birds no longer behave as separate individuals, but they all move subject to the intuitive will of the species, every wing turning at the same moment, and yet not turning in *precisely* the same way, but with that slight difference which makes for these ever changing, ever re-forming patterns, which result in such a surprising miracle of beauty.

At last they go down into the sedge, and the reeds bend and sway under their weight. There is a tremendous chattering and scolding, a noise that can be heard from a great distance, and often, before they are settled, they will rise again into the air, and circle and swoop and rush madly to greet some last late comers, and then again like black drops of water, they will pour themselves out on to the reeds, which seem almost flattened under their weight. At last, a full hour later than their first gathering, they begin to settle down for the night. The chattering and the scolding become less, the twilight darkens, and the last few birds drop down to roost. Slowly they become quieter and quieter, until the last sound is silenced.

And then, well satisfied with the wonder that we have seen, and filled with a sense of its surprising beauty, we walk home through the darkness to the embers of our camp fire which are still glowing, and sending up their thin column of smoke to mingle with the rising mist.

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Architecture Symposium—A Summing-Up

By SIR RAYMOND UNWIN

Sir Raymond Unwin, Past President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, sums up the symposium on the question 'Is Modern Architecture on the Right Track?' that appeared in our issue of July 26

TO sum up with fairness is difficult because those who have spoken for tradition have been so ready to admit that 'the modernists had got rid of a lot of unnecessary trappings and were making a laudable effort to bring architecture back to its essentials'; while some advocates of modernism have relied on very doubtful assumptions.

The fundamental difference between architecture and engineering construction is hardly fully brought out on either side. To me the difference seems of the order of that between useful noise and music. Some of the reasoning seems like a suggestion that we should enjoy the tapping of the typewriter or the racket of the road drill more than music because they are more useful.

A building only becomes architecture when, in addition to satisfying efficiently all the uses for which it is intended, it is also capable of giving pleasure by reason of the form which it takes and the harmony with which its parts and colours are combined.

Man through his ear is pleased, and may be deeply stirred, by notes when sounded in certain definite relations; he would be pained if the same notes were merely jangled haphazard. So through his eye man is delighted, and may be much moved, by certain combinations of line, form and colour; but he will be wearied or pained by a mere jumble of parts or inharmonious relations. True relation to use may be an important element in this harmony, but that does not justify the confusion of use and beauty in architecture.

The modernist movement in seeking forms of building more in accord with present or foreseeable conditions and modes of use, has a very strong case, which, however, may be weakened if its advocates seek to identify this great movement with assumptions of doubtful validity or relevancy. The assumption that ferro-concrete has yet established itself, in comparison with other methods of construction, as an equally efficient, suitable or even economical mode of building for general purposes, has so little warrant as to suggest that love of a new style of design adapted to that construction may be at least one parent of the thought. That, however, is a comparatively minor matter.

A more serious assumption underlies the stress laid on the need to subordinate design more completely to the growing material and mechanistic aspect of the uses, methods, and mass production of parts, which it is claimed will dominate the future. Sixty years ago such a forecast of future tendency might have carried conviction. Then mankind was struggling with a scarcity of products and the prospect of unlimited increase in the numbers needing them. The satisfaction of elementary material needs then still presented a problem only to be solved, if soluble at all, by unremitting devotion to mass production. The outlook today, however, is quite a different one; the population problem is rapidly solving itself; and the present difficulty as to material goods seems to consist rather in finding consumers for the masses of them which can easily be produced.

Architecture has to satisfy man as a whole, and cannot be attained by undue concentration on his physical needs or even on science. The excessive stressing of use, and the relegating of other elements of enjoyment to a quite subordinate place, finds little warrant in human need. A phrase is appropriately quoted that 'Well building has three conditions, Commodity, Firmness and Delight'; but the gloss which seeks to eliminate independent existence from the third, would hardly have pleased its author! Can we really maintain that those structures which have given the most widely diffused delight owe everything to the first two, even if described as function and construction? The needs of man which are purely physical and material are not many, as Diogenes demonstrated long ago. Nine-tenths of his desires are the product not of his bodily frame but of his active and inquisitive brain, his strong and varied emotions, his retentive memory and vivid imagination; among these desires, a liking for beauty takes equal rank. Without venturing on the less understood sphere, where the use of the word 'spirit' might be deemed appropriate, all will agree that each man develops a unified personality arising from the combined result of all the parts and faculties just named, according to the varied measure of his endowment with each of them. Architecture must appeal to the whole of this complex nature. The suggestion that a house is as much a machine to work in or to live in, as an omnibus is one for transport, seems to ignore about three-fourths of the feelings and reasons which in fact determine either the choice of a dwelling, or the enjoyment of living in it. Let every dwelling be convenient and well equipped with efficient apparatus, certainly; but that is the beginning, not the end of design. It is the special function of the architect to transform the sanitary family stables or economical human warehouse into homes, with all the content of comfort and beauty which that old English word implies.

That tradition tends more or less to obstruct desirable innovation is true enough: it also puts a check on changes which are due to mere fashion, a check of special value in regard to anything so permanent as buildings. Perhaps even more important is the great heritage of enjoyment which it preserves and the valuable guide which it gives to that balance of qualities most generally appreciated by our race; a balance which is by no means the same for different peoples, and therefore not best secured by any cosmopolitan average.

Fitness for use is rightly stressed as an important element in the beauty of buildings, whether fully apparent or only to be intellectually appreciated, but to stress it as an only or an all-sufficient element is surely for the architect to abdicate to the constructional engineer. Association with past pleasure is but one of many elements; one whose influence increases as men grow older. It is quite natural for tradition to mean more to the old than to the young, for it has been reinforced by many pleasant associations. The young, free from this influence, may recognise more readily the beauty of novel forms or fresh combinations and relations.

There is indeed great need for the modernist and the innovator in architecture as in many other spheres. Our streets are littered with examples of the passing fashions in building which have troubled the last sixty years. If, however, we are to regain the right path, we must not start with our faces directed as far east of it as the hardened traditionalist faces west.

If the discussion is to be summed up in a fresh set of answers to the questions, I would suggest the following:

(1) *Is the engineer making the architect unnecessary today?* Certainly not! Though some of the writers show a tendency to abdicate in favour of the engineer through failure to realise the essential difference in their functions and methods.

(2) *Has functionalism in building gone too far?* If and so far as it is regarded as the sole end of architecture it certainly exceeds its province.

(3) *Can the English town or city ever properly assimilate the new architecture?* So far as the new is architecture, and not mere building, due regard for harmony with surroundings forms an essential element; with such regard the new can be assimilated.

(4) *Is the new architecture ugly?* Much present building, whether the style be new or old, is ugly: but ugly architecture is surely a contradiction in terms.

(5) *What will the next generation think of the ultra-modern style of present day buildings, including the ultra-modern home?* If ultra-modern may be taken to indicate an extreme form of certain recent tendencies, founded on the assumption that ferro-concrete is henceforth to be the general building medium, then the next generation will be likely to look upon such buildings as examples of a passing fashion.

(6) *Are we likely to evolve in the near future a new style of architectural ornament?* Probably, for men of all races and in nearly all times have delighted to adorn their productions with some refinement of form, play of colour, or enrichment of surface, having often a further content of meaning or symbolism, and going beyond anything needed to fit them for function: doubtless they will continue to do so; and will adapt the adornment to any changes in the character or form of building.

The Northern Photographic Exhibition at present being held at Bradford is one of the biggest of its kind: entries come in from America and the Continent as well as Great Britain; it may be considered a fair sample of the best amateur work now being done. Yet the result as a whole is rather disappointing. There is no doubt that the technical standard is very high: and perhaps it is because of that that so few photographs are entirely satisfactory to look at, for any number show that their authors have concentrated on experiments with bromoil, chloro-bromide, etc., to the exclusion of subject and composition. Many seem to have used considerable technical ingenuity to the end of making their photographs look as little like photographs, and as much like reproductions of paintings, as possible. There are very few that frankly realise the full limitations and full possibilities of photography as a medium—that the eye behind the camera is far more important than the process of making the print; that most photographs are used for reproduction and not for hanging on walls, so that composition and lighting count for more than texture; and that taking a picture from an unfamiliar angle does not of itself make a good photograph. A few years ago it was the amateur who seemed to be leading in the development of a purely photographic technique; today it looks as if the professional has the sharpest eye to exploit the medium and produce a picture that is arresting, satisfying and complete in itself when reproduced in magazine or newspaper.



'Under the Pier at Blackpool': one of the entries for our competition last week which was disqualified owing to failure to comply with rules

Photograph. J. E. Townsend

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

Telepathy and Telephony

With all respect to Dr. A. S. Russell, I venture to think that the drawing of invidious distinctions, on the score of relative efficiency, between telepathy and telephony, is scarcely relevant. After all, the telephone is only a mechanical extension of the recognised physiological methods of personal communication. Moreover, parlour experiments in 'mind-reading', with the possibility of refined physical explanations which they offer, do not cover the crucial and most significant cases of telepathy, which involve involuntary (and well-authenticated) communications over immense distances. Thus understood, telepathy issues a challenge, not to the telephonic engineer, but to those who assert that human minds, in circumstances where all physical means of communication have been eliminated, exist in psychologically watertight compartments. Telepathy would perhaps be more generally accepted were it not for the prejudice (due to an analogy drawn from physical process) in favour of some *medium*, quasi-physical or otherwise.

After all, however, language may be simply a clumsy contrivance developing on parallel lines with a far subtler and more direct method of communication (psychologically more 'normal' though largely atrophied by the cruder method) operating in a sphere where 'medium' is irrelevant, if not meaningless. Telepathy is probably but one item of a vast range of inter-related psychic phenomena which raise ultimate questions anent the status and content of mind, more especially whether mind exists in its own right. If it were held so to exist, telepathy would become a pre-supposition rather than a 'miracle'.

London, W. 11

C. J. REYNOLDS

Excavators' Progress

I read Mr. Stanley Casson's second article with great pleasure, and I wonder whether you would allow me to add a few words to it. First, the 'dolmen' people from whom the Celtic and Germanic races primarily sprang, even if there was a further ad-

mixture, did not only live mainly on the Atlantic coast, as would appear from Mr. Casson's article, but, from the closeness of the burial mounds, they would seem to have spread to the eastern coast of the North Sea and over a large part of the Baltic Coast as well as to England. They were not therefore really a West European people, but one which settled in large numbers in the British Isles, the north of France, North Germany, and the south of Sweden, and thence spread to the Atlantic and Baltic coasts. In North Germany it is easy to fix the area inhabited by this people: it stretches approximately from the Island of Rügen through the south of Hanover to the Dutch frontier. The burial mounds of that period are still so numerous that a barrow similar in construction to those in England can be found on many of the hills in East Holstein.

I am very glad to see from Mr. Casson's article that special attention is being directed to early Anglo-Saxon art. We Low Germans have lost sight of practically everything connected with our history between 400-800 owing to the terrible wars in 770 to 800 between Charles the Great and the Saxons, Angles and Frisians, which ended in the Christianising of the country by force. We only know that in our country also large two-storied farms similar to those of the Anglo-Saxons in Britain were built, that our ancestors in those centuries looked on themselves as one race with the West Saxons and West Angles on the other side of the sea, and that the study of pictorial art, music and astronomy was pursued to a large extent. Owing to the impossibility of discovering traces of this period in our own country, we have always looked to English archaeology to furnish evidence for us. Up to the present, however, English cultural history, that we have always followed carefully, passed straight over from Roman and Celtic times to Norman. We hope now that the new interest in Anglo-Saxon times, on which Mr. Stanley Casson writes so significantly, will also prove of great value to Low German research into early history.

Hamburg

HANS FRIEDRICH BLUNCK

Is it necessary to postulate that civilisation, as defined by Mr. Casson, began only in one region? Similar environment may surely lead to similar progress: the resemblances between the civilisations of Egypt, Mesopotamia, the Indus Valley; and, for that matter, of Mexico and Peru, thousands of years later, are not all traceable to a common source. Granted some may be.

I venture the suggestion that the mainspring of civilisation is irrigation. The early civilisations all arose in regions of deficient or uncertain rainfall, but where water was available for cultivation. Such regions were separated from each other by vast distances of desert, and their period of flourishing by vast distances of time. The process of irrigation—the control of water for agricultural purposes—had one aim only—the obvious one of bringing the life-giving water to the staple cereal.

Here, then, we have a fundamental urge. Life depended upon ingenuity, upon co-operation, and upon organisation; for beyond the limit to which water could be led was the desert and death. Is it not probable that in different regions, at different ages, man, faced by the same problems and having at hand the same remedies, evolved, with astonishing rapidity, and independently, the civilisations of the riverine oases?

Herne Bay

V. G. OLDACRE

[We have sent the above letter to Mr. Casson, who replies:

'Mr. Oldacre's suggestion is interesting and I should be the ast to dispute it. If all archaeological research were carried out on the reasonable assumption that similar environment produces similar results, we should hear less of the extravagant "diffusionist" theories. I should never attempt to trace all varieties of civilisation to one common source. If Mr. Oldacre attributes this view to me he does me an injustice. But it is of vital importance to establish the priority in time for one region over another in the order of development of civilisation. As things are at present, the Sumerian civilisation seems to have been the first full-scale attempt of the human race to organise life on a civilised basis. But I do not argue *post hoc ergo propter hoc* that all succeeding cultures are derivative from Sumeria. Some demonstrably are; some, even though close in time and space, demonstrably are not. I see no reason to disagree with any of Mr. Oldacre's views']

The Problem of Evil

Mr. Ashmore is right in saying that we don't know whether 'the human race' is in infancy, maturity, or decline, if only because history enables us to say nothing at all about it. The 'race' does not equably develop or degenerate. Groups of men, here or there, now or then, improve their material conditions, or fail to do so. History is, to the eye, a patchy zigzag: to the mind, we may hope it can rightly be regarded as a tilted spiral: even when dipping, it may be on an upward course. But we can't really generalise at all. Certainly we can't isolate suffering as its characteristic. Still less can we confine the expression 'Nature' to material existence. My 'nature' (and therefore 'Nature') includes intelligence and will, both of which can rise superior to any amount of suffering, and in fact display their power and value chiefly when a man is up against odds, and 'suffering'. No philosopher, by now, ought to dream of identifying 'the God of Christianity' (or any concept of God) with 'Nature', even spiritual, let alone material. In consequence, the real difficulty consists, not in the fact of suffering, but, in 'why' God should have created anything at all. Once He did create, not machines only, but men, the privilege of being able to do wrong came into existence; and, where wrong was done, suffering inevitably ensued. But even Mæcenas saw that it was better to be a living man, even in the midst of frightful suffering, than not be a living man at all. 'Vicarious suffering' does not really enter into this discussion, or not directly. Anyway, Mr. Ashmore does not understand either the philosophical content of the idea, or its history. Nothing can be more slipshod, historically, than to suppose the idea started merely from the practice of giving an angry god something to eat. . . . And theologically, the ideas of suffering instead of someone, and of suffering on behalf of someone, are quite distinct. The former would involve the denial of the solidarity of mankind: the latter presupposes it. Any effort of mine, socially speaking, affects my neighbour, for good or for ill. How often a friend may tell me of a grief—I grieve with him—in a sense the sum of human suffering is increased by my doing so—but how much happier *he* is; and how much happier am I, because I can and do grieve with him! As if happiness had anything to do with suffering! 'We suffer all the same'. No doubt. But it is the prerogative of the human soul to see that pleasure and pain are incompatibles; but happiness and pain need be no such thing, and constantly co-exist. And all the better. As things are, the man who has never suffered isn't worth much.

London, W. 1

C. C. MARTINDALE

Can We Imitate Christ?

As a soldier I do not share the difficulty expressed by Mr. Moody (page 108 of THE LISTENER). Here is the advice given by Our Lord Himself to His disciples: 'But now, he that hath no sword let him sell his garment, and buy one' (Luke xxii, 36).

And St. Paul tells us (Romans xiii, 4): '... for he beareth not the sword in vain'.

A soldier has to do his duty; and sometimes it is the most difficult of all duties. It is not the use of physical force which is his problem, but the *proper* use of it. In a just cause, if all other methods of persuasion fail, there is no other alternative for him but physical force! War is the ultimate resource of policy. Also a good soldier fights (as he does other things) without hate, but he fights to win. He can love an opponent in a fair fight, as many an incident has shown. Had Christ incarnated as a soldier (as well He might) He would have taught us the same lessons from a different angle.

Woodlands

T. N. HOWARD

Public Schools and their O.T.C.

Your young correspondent, 'Present Member' of the O.T.C., is under a delusion. No children can 'form their own ideas for themselves'. Children brought up by Communists will be Communists; brought up in Fascism will be Fascists; brought up in Hitlerism will be Hitlerites, and brought up in English public schools will be English gentlemen. If a boy appears to be forming his own ideas for himself it usually means that he is strongly influenced by an unconventional family, or some unconventional older friend. If children could form their own ideas for themselves, the world would be certainly more interesting, but even more chaotic than it is now.

East Meon

K. BURDEKIN

Controversy and Credit

Purchasing power is distributed in three ways, wages and salaries, the business and professional man's profits and rents, and dividends, interest and payments out of taxation.

The perfection and extension of the machine is rapidly displacing the wage earner and at a slower rate the salaried worker. When the wage earner is eliminated, his wages, and the purchasing power represented thereby, also disappear. From this point it is only a step until the business man's profits vanish and a further step until rents, dividends and interest go by default. Some means must be found to replace the disappearing purchasing power. Major Douglas' plan does so in a practical manner.

Falkirk

A. F. STEWART

B.B.C. Poetry Competition

Writing from my own experience and that of many others, the recent Poetry Competition seemed to us to be a genuine attempt to find unknown poetic talent. At last, thought we, here is a chance to make our voices heard; we who strive but are unsuccessful; we who are tired of literary agents, undiscerning editors, and literary cliques (to enter which is almost an impossible task, so little mercy has poet for poet).

Alas! our hopes were destroyed, but we were not filled with 'the wrath of the rejected' (to quote your correspondent Mr. Fleming). We were merely a little saddened when we realised that the B.B.C. had bungled the affair, for we were certainly misled into believing that all the entries would be judged by Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. Marsh, and possibly Mr. Eliot.

Yet, if the B.B.C. would care to help the cause of poetry, and thereby assist struggling poets, it can do so. It has the means for such an enterprise, but the scheme must be properly organised and business ability must be brought in. I venture to suggest that when the conditions have been framed they should be advertised in the B.B.C. journals, and if the newspaper press is to be informed, then the conditions of entry must be made known at the same time. In my own case, I sent a dozen poems, and many weeks later I received a printed form stating that competitors must not send in more than three attempts. Presumably, I was disqualified from the start. However, will the B.B.C. maintain its good name and give unknown poets a further opportunity?

Mr. Fleming's remarks about the disappointment of 'numerous relatives' are foolish, for the true poet writes neither for the joy of seeing his work in print nor from a desire to impress his relatives.

Bradford

P. A. S.

Mr. Fleming's interesting letter on the B.B.C. Poetry Competition presupposes a rather ghastly lack of philosophy in the unsuccessful competitors. As one who certainly did feel a passing disquiet at the complete ignoring of the three sets of verse I sent in myself, will you give me space to affirm my deep belief that neither this, nor any other, sort of casualty really matters very much to those who follow the road of letters? Consciously, of course, one feels pained or pleased by the fluctuations in one's luck; but subconsciously one knows that one's work, such as it is, stands just where it did before. I have had 'successes' in my time and recognised them also to be of no more ultimate value or significance than 'failures'.

Golders Green

BASANOS

Modern Poetry

Adverting to your leading article on 'Modernist' Poetry in the issue of THE LISTENER for July 12, may I be permitted to submit the following criticism? A world in emotional and intellectual chaos can scarcely produce the highest expression of art—most emphatically not in the domain of poetry. Such efforts must necessarily be the travail of the human spirit to bring into the world æsthetic abortions: jaded artistic impotence 'flogged' by intellectual aphrodisiacs.

Your anthology of poems is a *clinique* for the fostering of the literary misbegotten. Many have been the interpretations of the poet's art; but, if I have understood them aright, from Homer downwards, they all lead to beauty and truth of emotional thought wedded to perfection of technique. How many of the poems in your anthology would conform themselves to the rigour and undeniable justice of such a criterion? The old order changeth, giving place to new, and Apollo fulfils himself in many ways. But, just as through all social and political changes there rest immutable rules of human behaviour, so amid the confusion of doubt and experiment remain the irrevocable standards of art.

Amersham

HOWARD D. SMITH

May I ask questions of the growing horde of modern poets? Why is it necessary to express any simple sense-impression in terms of a different sense? Why must an inanimate scene be translated (by implication) into a Van Goghian frenzy of movement? (I have heard of 'the beating heart of Mother Nature'. Please refrain!) I am curious to learn the reason for the manufacture of such bastard substances as 'nutty-scented gold' or 'secret steel'. Possibly I have a literal mind, or, it may be, no 'soul', yet I do not feel it essential to mix my intellectual drinks to such an extent.

To be quite blunt, many poems which are printed in THE LISTENER are so obviously insincere and 'slick', that I can only conclude that they are intended to act as a combined poison and emetic. As I do not possess a sadistic temperament I derive no pleasure from a study of such poems.

Stoke-on-Trent

S. TAYLOR

Primarily, poetry is beauty. It shines and speaks and sings to us in the lovelinesses and magnificences of nature, and we know it by its effect on mind and sense. It is seen and felt in the arts. It finds expression in fine poetic verse and in noble prose.

Poetry, then, is beauty. And what is beauty? Similarly, one may ask 'What is music?' No man can define either. The problem baffles the metaphysician and the psychologist. But a theologian or a religious may perhaps find an apocalyptic glimmer of the truth in seeing in beauty a faint reflection of the glory of God.

Broad Clyst

CHARLES J. ARNELL

[The subjects touched on in the last two letters are dealt with by Mr. Hugh Sykes Davies in his article on page 215—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

A Free Lesson in Art

I am glad that Father Martindale has mentioned Landseer, as it gives me the opportunity of proposing a minor diversion for any of your readers who may find themselves in London in the neighbourhood of the Strand. If they will examine the paws of the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square and then walk down to the Embankment and look at those of the Sphinxes at Cleopatra's Needle, they will be giving themselves a free lesson in art. The former are lifeless lumps of cast metal, while the latter manage to convey a sense of muscular power and tension which makes the metal alive.

Hampstead

N. E. BENN

Architecture and Functionalism

Many thanks for your interesting symposium on Modern Architecture. Is not 'functionalism' the outcome of our self-consciousness in art? This is an age of self-criticism both individually and collectively, and I think this is due largely to our thought being pervaded by the scientific spirit. We are unable to create spontaneously, as the mediæval builders, for instance, created a Gothic church. To say that Canterbury Cathedral is 'functional' sounds ridiculous, but it is true, though its creators did not know that.

This self-criticism, which expressed itself in the last century in snobbery and imitation, now expresses itself in 'functionalism'. We realise that we are rapidly losing the roots of our culture and we are consequently trying to work out the principles of art and put first things first. Hence in architecture we say that a building must be designed mainly for use—a remark which gives away the horrible degradation of our cultural life—for what else could a building conceivably be designed? It is significant, however, that we do not even discuss the design of locomotives and motor-cars, these being regarded as triumphs of engineering and not of art. Here is the answer

to your first question. When the artist and the engineer work together in harmony they produce the real art of this age. It is doubtful if real art can be produced in an atmosphere of textbooks and self-criticism and endless discussion.

Westgate-on-Sea

THOMAS E. DOWELL

Battersea Power Station

I should like to point out that some inaccuracy is contained in the caption to your recent photograph of the Battersea Power Station. The designs for the building were originated and drawn in Manchester by Messrs. C. S. Allott and Son, consulting engineers, and Messrs. Halliday and Agate, architects. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott was later called in as consultant architect for the exterior of the building.

Manchester

D. F. BOYD

The Art of Picasso

Mr. Duke asks me to explain simply and shortly 'what it is that constitutes the merit of Picasso's art'. Mr. Dauncey suggests that 'a discussion should be arranged between some modern artist and some other person who really wants to understand the message, if there is one, in such pictures as "Profile"'. Mr. English, on the other hand, wishes that the 'privileged élite would gloat in silence and solitude over the beautiful work of their spiritual kindred'. So what is to be done? On the face of it I am inclined to agree with Mr. English, but he has forgotten that there are no Picassos in the Tate to gloat over, and that the 'sincere young artists' I referred to are seldom privileged enough or élite enough to possess any of their own. That is what all the fuss is about. But while I agree with him in principle I notice that Mr. Duke and Mr. Dauncey are in the majority. They make a demand for which I believe there is no satisfaction. The general company of your correspondents demands a reliable critic who will explain 'in words of one syllable' why something that seems an incomprehensible muddle is a good picture. It quotes old masters such as Raphael, Titian and Rembrandt, and it wants Picasso explained into their society. There is no explanation of a work of art of any period. The merit of a picture is unalterable from the moment it is painted: it is unaffected by praise or abuse or even explanation. The most a critic can do is to describe the technical method of an artist, which may be uninteresting, or write about his own reactions to a work of art, which may be unrepresentative. It is to be hoped that your correspondents when they look at a Raphael feel the beauty of what they see, and do not admire it because they have been told to by generations of critics. If they would be enriched by the experience of Picasso they must look at his work for themselves and, instead of hindering, help the critics 'on their too-lofty perches' and the 'intolerably snobbish' modern artists to get one hung in a public gallery. And do not let them be put off by Mr. English who diagnoses a 'subconscious inferiority complex' in the modern artist, and, having seen some modern advertisements, decides that 'modern art is propagandist'. All good art is propagandist, whether it wants to be or not. But Byzantine art is not made futile by the existence of the Albert Memorial.

Betchworth

JOHN PIPER

[This correspondence is now closed. The topic, however, seems to have roused such interest (and passion) among our readers that we feel that some of them, bewildered by all the controversy, may wish to get at the root of the matter for themselves. For those, we append a short, and by no means exhaustive, list of books on Picasso—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Picasso. By Eugenio D'Ors. Zwemmer, London. 1931.

Picasso Dessins. By Waldemar George. Paris. 1926.

Picasso. By Waldemar George. Valori Plastici series. Rome. 1924.

Picasso. By A. Level. Paris. 1928.

Pablo Picasso. By Christian Zervos. Paris. 1932. The first of a series of four volumes which will reproduce, as far as possible, the entire work of Picasso.

Picasso, Œuvres 1920-1926. By Christian Zervos. Cahiers d'Art, Paris. 1927.

Picasso. By Henri Mahaut. Les Artistes Nouveaux series. Paris. 1930.

Picasso. By Oscar Schürer. Junge Kunst series. Berlin. 1927.

Picasso. By Guillaume Apollinaire. Paris. 1905.

Les Peintres Cubistes. By Guillaume Apollinaire. Paris. 1912.

Cubisme et Tradition. By Leonce Rosenberg. Paris. 1920.

Der Weg zum Kubismus. By Daniel Henry. Munich. 1920.

Von Monet zu Picasso. By Max Raphael. Munich. 1919.

Pablo Picasso. By Pierre Reverdy. Paris. 1924.

Picasso. By Maurice Raynal. Paris. 1921.

Picasso. The Studio. London. Illustrated 1s. booklet. 1930.

A great many articles on Picasso have appeared in the French periodical *Cahiers d'Art*: while the first number of the new *Minotaure* is largely given up to his work, and includes some of the first photographs of his sculpture. The English agents for both periodicals are Zwemmer's, 76 Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2.

*The Enjoyment of Modern Poetry—II**The Problem of Beauty and Sincerity*

By HUGH SYKES DAVIES

AMONG the earliest of the complaints which one is likely to hear from a friend lately introduced to modern poetry, is this: 'It is not beautiful'. And in some ways it is one of the most unanswerable, for in these days of freedom of opinion it is hard to argue with anyone who disagrees with us on such fundamental questions of taste. If he finds it ugly, there is not much to be said about it. But if days of freedom of opinion confer on everyone the right to his own opinion, they should also make everyone ready at least to listen to someone else's view. In tackling this question of beauty in poetry, we need not enter into the more remote fields of æsthetic speculation; we need deal with nothing more than the mere data, the basis upon which every æsthetic theory rests—our own immediate reactions to certain specimens of poetry, and the common usage of words, such as beauty, to describe these reactions.

Poetry with Beauty, and Without It

The exact point which I wish to raise is the connection between beauty and poetry, and I shall try to make it as simply as possible by quoting a few passages which are, I hope we shall agree, beautiful, and one which I am sure we shall agree to be poetry. Then we shall be able to know what we are really discussing. The passages which I quote as beautiful are these:

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees,

(Tennyson)

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

(Tennyson)

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

(Swinburne)

Compare these passages with this from 'Macbeth':

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Is Beauty Essential to Poetry?

When these passages are compared, I hope that I shall be understood if I say that the Shakespeare is actually deficient in beauty, and if not ugly, certainly lacks the graces of sound and imagery. And yet, it must be confessed that it is poetry, of the greatest kind. There are at least two possible views which this comparison suggests. Either we must say that there are two kinds of beauty, widely different from one another, but each the proper quality of a certain kind of poetry: or we are driven to the apparent paradox, that beauty is not essential to poetry. From any practical point of view it does not matter very much which of these views we hold, since they both describe the same situation. For the moment, let us use the second view, which, even if the more paradoxical, is simpler and clearer.

It has this further advantage, that it corresponds more nearly with the views of the modern poet, who has made, of course on an extended scale, much the same comparison as we have made here between the beautiful poetry of the Victorians and the poetry of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. And he has arrived at the conclusion that, for him at least, the vein of poetry which was discovered by the Romantics, and developed by Tennyson, Swinburne, and the rest, has now been worked out. For the moment we will not discuss this conclusion, which will be dealt with fully later, but there are two things to be said about it.

A New Poetic Movement is About Due

Firstly, if one looks back on the history of English poetry, one sees that a poetic revolution, a new movement, is just about due. The Elizabethan movement, supposing it began in 1580 or thereabouts, was worked out and supplanted by 1670—it lasted some ninety years. The movement which took its place, and which was developed by Dryden and the eighteenth century, lasted until about 1780—a hundred years. Then came the revolution of Wordsworth and Coleridge, a part of which was developed in the Romantic movement, beginning in about 1815, and continuing—well, it is difficult for us to say when it ended, though no doubt the division will be clearer to later ages; but allowing to the Romantic movement as long a life as was granted to the movement of Dryden and Pope, it should have ended about fifteen years ago. So it is, on the face of it, not unreasonable for our younger poets to consider seriously the necessity of leaving the Victorian tradition, and finding something new.

Secondly, do not dismiss this attempt simply as part of the anti-Victorian revolt, for it has nothing to do with it. That revolt was made largely by men of middle-age, naturally enough, for they had themselves suffered under Victorianism. But the younger generation today is too young to have suffered under it, and probably has no personal feeling about it at all. For the most part it was brought up by parents who, having had Victorian parents themselves, had a healthy desire to bring their children up in a different way. And though some of us may laugh at the more amiable weaknesses of that period, at the same time it must interest us profoundly, and is indeed the object of serious and by no means derisory study by many of the younger generation. In it, after all, are our own precedents and roots, and to understand ourselves we must be prepared to understand them.

Limitations of the Victorian Tradition

For example, the modern poet is very much concerned to analyse the quality of Victorian poetry, and to discover the conditions which make it inferior—in his opinion—to the poetry of the Elizabethans. Briefly, he concludes that it is precisely this concern with beauty which limits the achievement of the Victorian tradition. The simple poet has something to say, and says it, just in the way which seems to express it most fully, without concerning himself with the beauty or ugliness of the expression. It may turn out to be either beautiful or ugly, but that is more a matter of grace or chance than conscious effort. The Victorian poet, on the other hand, having something to say, deliberately sets out to discover a beautiful way of saying it. To this extent he is departing from simplicity, and involving himself in difficulties which Shakespeare never felt. Or, to put the same thing in another way, he is departing to some extent from sincerity, from the perfectly sincere and single-minded expression of what he wants to express, by pretending that he must express it in one way, when, apart from the question of beauty, another way would have done just as well. In one sense, then, he makes his own task more difficult than it need be, and is often plunged into doubts of his own ability, and that fear of certain kinds of content, of things to say, which is so important a feature in Tennyson's poetic make-up (see 'The Palace of Art', 'The Poet's Mind', etc.). Shakespeare, on the other hand, and the Elizabethan poets generally had a sort of calm self-confidence, which arose from single-mindedness, from unconcern with anything more than the mere essentials of expressing as well as possible what they wished to express.

The Modern Stress on Simplicity and Sincerity

So, rejecting the pursuit of beauty, the modern poet pursues simplicity and sincerity, in the hope that he will thus attain something of the quality of Shakespeare, and avoid those aspects of Victorian poetry which are no longer useful. In a sense, he is willing even to reject poetry, if you mean by poetry the Victorian ideal of beautiful expression. This stress on simplicity and sincerity is to be found in the critical writings of Mr. Eliot, of Mr. Yeats, of Mr. Read, and others, and in various ways is exemplified in their poetry. But because in their poetry, and in their view of poetry, there are other things besides these to be considered, we shall discuss them later. Here, I should like to quote a little from the earliest of the modern poets to lay down the principle and to practise it—Wilfred Owen. Here is his theory, set down in a few notes for the preface which he was preparing for his poems at the time of his death in action in 1918: 'Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the Pity of War. The Poetry is in the Pity'. Here is

exactly that stress on the subject, on the thing to be expressed, and the rejection of concern with the manner of expression—'Poetry'; and the assertion that poetry, or beauty, if it comes at all, comes as it were accidentally, not as the result of any conscious device of writing, but by the grace of inner sincerity, 'The Poetry is in the Pity'.

Here are parts of that poem of his which most clearly anticipates the later developments of which we are talking:

Happy are men who yet before they are killed
Can let their veins run cold.
Whom no compassion fleers
Or makes their feet
Sore on the alleys cobbled with their brothers.
The front line withers,
But they are troops who fade, not flowers,
For poets' tearful fooling:
Men, gaps for filling:
Losses who might have fought
Longer; but no one bothers.

II

And some cease feeling
Even themselves or for themselves.
Dullness best solves
The tease and doubt of shelling,
And Chance's strange arithmetic
Comes simpler than the reckoning of their shilling.
They keep no check on armies' decimation.

III

Happy are these who lose imagination:
They have enough to carry with ammunition.
Their spirit drags no pack,
Their old wounds save with cold can not more ache.
Having seen all things red,
Their eyes are rid

Of the hurt of the colour of blood for ever.
And terror's first constriction over,
Their hearts remain small-drawn.
Their senses in some scorching cautery of battle
Now long since ironed,
Can laugh among the dying, unconcerned.

The quality of this, as well as many minor points of technique, is entirely representative of much that is sought by the younger poets today. Clearly enough, it turns away from the kind of beauty which Tennyson created, and, whatever its achievement, which we need not quarrel about, its whole tendency is in the direction of the Shakespearian kind of poetry, simple, sincere, un-selfconscious, seeking only for exactitude of statement.

We could quote many more modern poems to illustrate the same tendency, especially from the writings of Mr. Auden and the group of poets who have associated themselves with him, such as Mr. Day Lewis, Mr. Spender, Mr. Madge. But my readers can very easily turn to past numbers of *THE LISTENER*, and find their poetry there. And if, when they read these poems before, they were disappointed to find them wanting in beauty, I hope that they will understand now that they were never intended to be beautiful, and that the poets wished them to be judged by different standards, or rather he wishes them to be read for a different purpose and in a different manner from the purpose and manner in which one reads Tennyson. Pay attention not to the means of expression, but to what is expressed, and try to enjoy, not the beauty, for it is not there, but the sincerity and simplicity of the writer and his poem.

But this advice raises almost as many troubles as it is intended to settle. How can you understand poetry which, as you have already found, is peculiarly obscure? And, even more important, why are you to read poetry at all if it is not beautiful? These two questions are very much mixed up with one another, and we shall try to deal with them together in another article.

Books and Authors

The Agonised Giant

The Tragedy of Tolstoy. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

THE COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY'S BOOK will, it may be hoped, serve for a final presentation of that agonised household which contained the private life of Tolstoy. By a chance as terrible as it is grotesque, the infernal symphony of pain which was played on the souls and bodies of Tolstoy and his wife has been prolonged over the whole world; the piercing music of his spiritual demands, the exquisite harmonies of *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, have been mingled with strains so detestable that only a complete sadist could hear them without distress. Yet, absurdly, the extreme suffering of that household offers to us but a lit shadow-show of what is going on everywhere; the houses of our own acquaintances and friends, even of our own lives, are there exposed to our senses. Our own interior violence is there in action.

The intense realism of the Countess' writing conveys a double quality: first, it gives us moment surcharged on moment, every moment extreme, so that life seems to be existing in a fierceness of direct apprehension by the senses, of which our less alert nerves are incapable; second, it is, in those moments, often grotesque, at least to us. Things which for us are but dreams and nightmares are, in this book, this country, this household, actual facts. A not unamusing example of this is in the Countess' story of her father. 'Sometimes, as I came into his room, he looked at me with a melancholy air, and said, "My Lord, how homely you are, how homely". I did not like to hear that, and laughed artificially'. He went on to explain that it was not important. (But St. Francis—it is just worth noting—would have seen her as beautiful.)

Not so amusing is the story of the Countess shooting with an air pistol at the portraits of Alexandra and Chertkov in her husband's study; or, later, striking at herself with hammers and knives while Tolstoy at eighty fled towards the railway station which was to be, in the language of the creed he rejected, the last Station of the Cross in his own life.

Humanly speaking, it was impossible that these things should not be. Two ways of life, two ways of religion (let us admit it), came into violent conflict, and that within the difficult circle of marriage. The small troubles, disputes, reconciliations, and devotions of every ordinary marriage were magnified here by the nature of the intense spirits who fought, and the greatness of the prizes which were at stake. To Tolstoy it was the Will of God and the peace of his soul for which he strove; to the Countess the natural rights of her family, of reasonable life, of her own reputation, and, intimately, of herself. They loved, pathetic and terrible creatures that they were, and each of them agonised over the manner of love.

Father started to leave the room.

'Kill me, give me opium', mother screamed.

Father stopped. 'Sonia', he said, his voice trembling, 'I try in every way to be good to you. I have written in my diary that I want to combat you with love only, and yet you see something bad in these words, you condemn everyone and everything, and we two live altogether different lives'.

'But I suffer; I am in torment!'

'I am ready to beg you on my knees, and with tears, that you should calm yourself'. A sob cut his voice short. 'I shall say nothing more to you; I shall not make you a single reproach', he added, and went to his rooms.

It is normal and abnormal at once. It is the voices of our own souls and desires crying out in that Russian house. But it would not be surprising that we should speak so; what is a little surprising is that so great a man as Tolstoy could say so much and no more. 'I am ready to beg you . . . to calm yourself', 'I have written that I desire to combat you with love, and yet you see something bad in those words'. They were written in a diary which the whole world would, she thought, one day read; and if they had been in the most private page of the most obscure clerk, still they are astounding in their greatness and their blindness. Any wife who was not revolted would have been nearer to the sanctity of Francis of Assisi than Tolstoy himself. He quoted a saying of the saint's in his *Cycle of Reading*, how when 'the doorkeeper [turns us away], if we think with humility and love that he is right, that God must have directed him to act toward us as he did . . .'. That acceptance of things, that embracing of every kind of fact with humility and love, that utter closing with the immediate conditions of existence, was the secret of St. Francis. It was a secret which the imagination of Tolstoy realised, and his moral sense drove him to desire. But his humanity failed beneath him, and he could not see why the Countess should become hysterical at the prospect of the world learning that he wished to combat her with love. He was only too anxious for the Tsar to persecute him, but the Tsar dared not. An ironical Providence gave him all the persecution he needed by the hands of the woman who loved and hated him.

It is perhaps enough. In his life Tolstoy was a blinded giant, but in his imagination he was more like a god. Serenity is there and joy; and sufficient matter for happy decades of critical quarrels. 'A man's actions may belie him; his words never'. Let us go back to his words.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

Tractarians

Oxford Apostles: a Character Study of the Oxford Movement. By Geoffrey Faber. Faber. 15s.

Reviewed by Canon F. R. BARRY

THE BELATEDNESS OF THIS REVIEW is really a tribute to the book concerned. It should have been ready by July 14, the date of the Oxford Movement centenary; but the author himself took steps to prevent that—as I hope he will explain to his publisher! One can as a rule hurry through a book: but I found this, despite its length, so fascinating that it proved impossible to skip it: and it contains a great deal of reading. It is *the* book about the Oxford Movement, and stands out triumphant like a big rock in the torrent of centenary publications. Yet, though it appears opportunely, it was not originally undertaken as a centenary volume at all. It was a debt paid to family loyalty, and is best described in the author's words as 'the attempt by a middle-aged modern to grasp the working of his grandfather's mind'. Mr. Faber's grandfather, Frank Faber (brother of Frederic, the Roman Catholic hymn-writer), was a profound admirer of Newman, who conducted with him a long correspondence, part of which survives in the family. Frank also filled his love-letters with the current theological controversies arising out of the Tractarian movement. What a world! muses Mr. Faber: what aeons seem to separate that generation from this! 'In these letters of my grandfather's the accents were familiar, but the burden was strange, almost unintelligible'. There was only one way to understand—to embark for himself on a study of the period and attempt to characterise its chief actors and appraise the forces that were stirring in them. The volume before us is the result; and it is a notable achievement in interpretative characterisation. What makes it all the more remarkable is that Mr. Faber does not himself share the ideas which seemed to them so momentous. He writes from a thoroughly detached standpoint. Yet he is a great enough man to realise that you cannot interpret any personality unless you respect and attempt to appreciate ideas which were to him profoundly significant. However remote from our own presuppositions, they were vital, at least, in the lives of those who held them. Thus beside this masterly portrait-painting, so penetrating yet so sympathetic, Lytton Strachey's sketches look trivial and shoddy. 'No one' (Mr. Faber writes, after an exposé of one of Newman's astonishing credulities) 'no one who looks at a portrait of Newman in his old age, however little sympathy he may have with ecclesiasticism and dogma, can fail to perceive that this man attained truth and expressed it in his own person'.

Newman himself is, almost inevitably, the sun round whom the planets revolve. Not only is he the most significant and highly coloured person among them; but with all his extraordinary objectivity and uncanny analytical power he was, in the end, fundamentally interested in events, people and things only in their relationship to himself. His own personality was, for him, the one luminously self-evident fact in his universe, other than God. Hence the drama in its external aspect concerns the relating of the other characters to the interior history of Newman. Not that they are used merely as foils, or as so many gravitational forces in the maintenance of his equilibrium. They are all substantial and living persons. Mr. Faber gives full-length portraits of Keble, Pusey and Hurrell Froude, and speaking studies of other characters—Copleston, Whately, Hampden, Hawkins, Isaac Williams, Hugh Rose, Arnold, Mozley and the Wilberforces. The Oriel Common Room in the early 'thirties has been described scores of times lately: but it has seldom been done so well—with such an understanding of Oxford just emerging into the modern period, and such a flair for depicting character against, yet detached from, that background.

Much the most elaborate portrait is that of Dr. Newman himself, and the book is, in form, his biography. There is something unescapable about him and a century later he is still challenging. No one can preach in St. Mary's pulpit without the sensation that Newman is haunting him. (I have tried it for nearly six years and I know!) He is definitely among the Great: he might have been, with a different education, Archbishop of Canterbury, or Lord Chancellor, the engineer of a revolution, or even Chief of the General Staff. Whatever his scene he would have dominated it. Yet there is a 'flaw' in his composition—a tragic strain of futility and weakness which turned all his successes into failure. Between 1833 and 1839 he showed himself a born leader of men: yet his leadership was a fiasco. Indeed there is throughout his career (as Mr. Faber interestingly works out) a regular, periodic rhythm of self-assertion and submission, humiliating collapse and recovery. On the one hand was the urge to dominate and assert himself against his world; on the other, that to retreat towards security in the citadel of the infantile self. The transition from one to the other rhythm was normally marked by a severe illness—about which there is always something mysterious. His two collapses in the examination schools were, thinks the author, psychological and essentially of an hysterical nature: they were the mechanism for solving

the conflict—he must succeed, yet he must be safe. (During one of his illnesses at Oriel, Wilberforce had fears for his reason.) Newman himself always regarded them in the light of a 'sign' or a 'judgment', and still thought it worth while in his old age to record their symptoms in minute detail. 'I shall not die for I have not sinned against the light', he said to Gennaro during his fever in Sicily: and again, 'I knew there was work for me in England'. He was beginning to climb up the wave again. By 1839 this impulse was becoming exhausted, and, repudiated by Anglican authority, unable to master his followers, he retreated where he could submit himself, but to an authority of his own choosing. Thus the demand of the self seemed to be satisfied.

Not that he ever achieved complete harmony. The effeminacy in Newman's make-up is traced, no doubt rightly, by Mr. Faber to a deep-seated repression of instinct, with which also he would connect the passionate friendship with Hurrell Froude and his mystical feeling for virginity. (Pusey was at least, he writes somewhere, what Newman never quite was—a man). He repressed his love of refinement and beauty; he treated Whately and others quite unpardonably when they disagreed with his opinions. Perhaps it was all an obscure defence-mechanism. All his life Newman was afraid; and what he feared most was his intellect. He feared lest it should dispossess him of the inner citadel of his emotional life. Therefore he armed it against itself, 'like a shell secreted by a defenceless animal, but secreted according to a chosen pattern'.

Thus the author attempts to track the Movement beneath the external course of events and the overt theological issues down to the deep springs of personality. Yet that is not to dismiss or underrate the religious ideas with which it was occupied. 'The study of religion in action is a ludicrous beating of the wind if the critic fails to understand that belief, whether it has been reached consciously or unconsciously, is in itself a rational state . . .'

Crossing

Starting at night

I watched a crane and tackle,
the burden of ship's muffled cargo loaded:
the group ashore, the group upon the ship,
shouts and curt understanding
lip to lip.

Waiting, apart,

I loaded another burden,
heard the impatient siren in my heart:
created, knew the purpose of it harden.

JOHN PUDNEY

One to Another

The World was a lost person but you found it
Air and water surround it
Truth and error bound it.

The World is passed from hand to hand, a thing
That fingers bring
Within some ring.

It is for love a marvel, for life a pleasure
One is its measure
And you are its treasure.

It is for truth no shadow, we can be
Whatever we see
Without degree.

The World is here: the flash of start or finish
Lives to vanish
Not to diminish.

The World is greater than was thought before
And we can share more
Because we care more.

CHARLES MADGE

The Listener's Book Chronicle

An Introduction to Tudor Drama. By F. S. Boas Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.

THIS IS AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING AND LIVELY BOOK, though by all the rules it ought to be dull and dreary. It is 'an introduction', it deals largely in facts, it pursues the historical method with respect to works of art—yet it obstinately refuses to be boring for a moment. The truth is that Dr. Boas is one of those few who can carry the boat of his considerable learning lightly on the billows of his enthusiasm, and never forget that learning is a means, not an end. There are a great many plays mentioned in this book which only the expert will dare to pretend familiarity with, so it is a book for all; but its great virtue is that after reading it you will not only know a great deal about the growth of Tudor drama from about 1497 to the death of Elizabeth (Dr. Boas only touches on Shakespeare), but you will also know exactly which plays you will want to read, and which you will not. Of course you must be on your guard: Dr. Boas is as quick as anyone in picking the plums out of a pudding: you will know that such superb lines as—

His thunder is entangled with my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quenched

—are not to be found everywhere in Peele, but you will want to read, or read again, 'The Love of David and Fair Bethsabe, With the Tragedy of Absalon', just as, perhaps, you will not want to read again Lyly's 'Cupid and Campaspe'.

It is in his cunning mixture of scholarship—we shall all arise feeling ourselves scholars after this book—amusing anecdote, solid history, and attractive extracts, that Dr. Boas reveals not only his skill, but his attitude of mind. For him the whole of this hundred years of drama is a kind of living organism, which one loves the more as one knows it better. The result is that he only states or describes, believing that his subject-matter has enough interest in itself to preclude the necessity of his acting the seductive showman, and he never teaches or draws morals. And indeed these beginnings of our national drama, so very much of the country in spite of classical influences, are themselves delightful. It is fascinating to watch step by step the development from Rastell to Peele and Jonson through Heywood, Udall, Sackville and Norton, Kyd and Marlowe, to name only a few—a few, however, who were essential to the fulness of Shakespeare. For it is part of Dr. Boas' plan to show that Shakespeare cannot be properly appreciated unless we see him in his own setting: we must get the perspective right, see him as the culminating point of a great tradition. This book, with its ten well-selected and well-produced illustrations, is very cheap indeed at the price. It is one of those books which make you feel that you know all you need to know about the subject, but which stimulate your eagerness to know more. It does not, therefore, as so many books of this kind do, defeat its own end.

Film. By Rudolf Arnheim. Faber. 15s.

The publisher's claim that this is 'the most profound and brilliant study of the art of the cinema which has yet been written' is reasonable, for Herr Arnheim has certainly gone far deeper into his subject—the search for a film aesthetic—than any previous writer. He faces at the outset the challenge of those who urge that photography and the film are only mechanical reproductions of the concrete, and that they therefore have no connection with art. Photography, though nearly a century old, has been strangely backward in voicing its own claim to artistic status; now it finds in Herr Arnheim a trenchant and painstaking defender. He begins by picking out the salient points in which photography differs from human vision—it involves the projection of solids on to a plane surface, the absence of colour, and a limitation of the field of vision; but to compensate for this the film possesses powers of escape from some of the limitations of time and space, by placing in juxtaposition things which have no connection in real time or space. Thus the material world and the film image of it differ from each other, and the idea that film is but a feeble mechanical reproduction of real life is found to be a fallacy. In the next part of his book Herr Arnheim proceeds to take the salient points referred to above, and to show how each one of them is made use of in film art, taking examples from the work of well-known producers of different countries. This brings him to a treatment of the subject of 'montage', or the joining together of shots of situations that occur at different times and in different places—a practice originating with the Russians, and by them and others elevated (wrongly, Herr Arnheim thinks) to supreme importance in the art of the film. After consideration of the various 'tricks' which the camera can be made to play (by motion, reversed projection, stills, manipulation of lenses and focus, reflection and so forth), Herr Arnheim comes to grips with the specific problems of the film as it has developed today. In a rather loosely-knit sequence of short chapters he contrives to give us many illuminating judgments on

such matters as the type of subject chosen for films, the filmic representation of psychic processes, the standardising of plot and characters, and the tendentious nature of mass-produced films. The concluding portion of his book deals with the sound film, including a digression on radio plays which goes to show 'how far less serviceable a material purely acoustic art has at its disposal than optical art'. Consequently 'the assimilation of sound to vision in the sound film is a problem of selection and omission; to plan sound-film scenes even in the scenario so that they quite naturally only contain those sounds that are essential, will require the whole art and craft of gifted film men'. Sound film is not a distinctive art by itself, but a branch of the single art of film and subject to its laws. This brief summary of the contents of *Film* necessarily gives little notion of the many illuminating and suggestive observations which Herr Arnheim throws out in its course. The book is closely packed with argument and criticism, and if its general structure were as clear and vigorous as its component parts, it would take rank as a standard work upon film æsthetic. As it is, it 'tails off' towards the close in somewhat disappointing fashion, leaving the reader to wish that Herr Arnheim had added a concluding section tabulating and synthesising the ideas he has so richly scattered through the earlier parts of his book.

The Spirit of France. By Paul Cohen-Portheim Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

This is the analysis of a national vitality. Like two other recent studies of France—E. R. Curtius' *The Civilization of France* and Friedrich Sieburg's *Is God a Frenchman?*—it reaches us from Germany. Less studiously penetrating than the former, less brilliantly impressionistic than the latter, it is nevertheless a comprehensive and sensitive survey, which, with a few reservations, makes a good introduction to a study of the French spirit in culture and politics; and the suave accomplishment of its writing, excellently transmitted by the translator, will renew the regrets of many for the premature death of its truly cosmopolitan author. Naturally, in the compass of a short book, Herr Cohen-Portheim had to move swiftly through time: sixty pages carry him from the Gauls to the *Grand Siècle*. But by then he has already made clear his general argument, that France, representing not only a racial blend of the Latin, Gallo-Celtic and Teutonic strains, but being also a meeting-place of the Christian and pagan cultures, is today the country most truly representative of the purely European genius. He develops this theme in the remaining three-quarters of his book with vivacity and enthusiasm, maintaining that the vocation of the French genius is 'to give form and expression to the content of present-day intellectual Europe'. Here perhaps the author's passion for a synthetic view of human civilisation makes him run too far ahead of facts: present-day Europe has taken a turn for the worse during the seven or eight years since Herr Cohen-Portheim wrote. But he might still argue, from his realisation of the intrinsic strength and sanity of the French people (particularly of the 37 millions who live outside the capital), that the confusions of Europe in general will only increase France's opportunity of being the core round which the new Europe will in the long run crystallise. His ten-page chapter on Paris is worthy of special attention: it brings out with notable clarity the paradox of Paris as being at once the heart of France, and yet something of curiously different texture and substance from the body of the nation. And anyone who sympathises with the author's view of the animating force of Paris in European civilisation will share his hope that Europe will somehow preserve it as what he calls a 'monument surnational'.

Ellen Terry's Memoirs. Edited by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John. Gollancz. 6s.

The publishers of this volume are eminently to be congratulated, though more for its content and its price than for its type, which seems uncomfortably small. It was time that Ellen Terry's autobiography should be made available to a much wider public. First published in serial form in 1907, the book never achieved the reputation that it deserved. To begin with, it was hampered by the prevalent rumour that the great actress had left most of its writing to someone else—a rumour finally set aside by Miss St. John in the new edition. Secondly, autobiographies of actresses are seldom particularly interesting; and only too often trivial, vainglorious and tiresomely anecdotal. Ellen Terry as an actress always suffered from the fact that people thought of her as a person in the first place to love, and only in the second place to admire as an artist. It was not until the whole of the Bernard Shaw - Ellen Terry correspondence was published that the myth of Ellen Terry as a charming and naturally-talented nincompoop was altogether disposed of. That correspondence revealed her as a woman not only of a

great heart but of a fine intelligence and an acute brain, and people began to search for copies of the autobiography, which by that time was out of print.

It is clear that Miss St. John and Miss Edith Craig have spared no pains to make of this book a worthy memorial; yet to those to whom the Ellen Terry legend is dearest it may seem that desire has to some extent outrun discretion. For the explanatory notes and the revised editing of the autobiography itself there can be little but praise. This editing has been done with intelligence and care, and in particular the appendix to Chapter XIII on the subject of Sir Henry Irving, drawn from notes taken at various times by Ellen Terry herself, adds enormously to the completeness of the *Life*. It is impossible to think of Ellen Terry apart from the Lyceum and apart from Sir Henry Irving, and in the original biography the reader was always conscious of certain omissions in the portraiture of the actor which, though intelligible from motives of delicacy, were none the less regrettable in the interests of a perfect representation. It is perfectly comprehensible that Miss Craig and Miss St. John should have felt that to allow the story to end with the close of the autobiography was to omit too much, but, for all the affectionate reverence that stands out in Miss St. John's chapters that compose the second part of the book, they form but a sorry anti-climax to the autobiography itself. This was inevitable. The record is one of failing powers, of failing health, of increasing old age, of domestic and financial difficulties, and finally, death. It is interesting, just as everything connected with Ellen Terry is interesting, but it is painful with an almost morbid insistence upon certain details—particularly details of family affairs which might well have been left to the merciful obscurity of the past. Not that one feels that Ellen Terry was herself unhappy in her last years. It is that one rebels against this record of discord and unhappiness which seems inevitably to have surrounded her. But it is not with these last years that the legend of Ellen Terry has really to do, and it is surely the legend that it is sought to preserve, as a memorial of what was, for all its faults, a notable phase in the history of the English theatre. The number of those who can have enjoyed Ellen Terry's art is a fast-diminishing band; but those who from the lips of that dwindling audience hear tales of this great lady—of her lovable simplicity as a person, of her grace and talent as an actress—will find more than a pale shadow of this art which they can never witness in the autobiography of which she wrote the most part with her own hand. Her own vitality glitters through the pages like wine. The characters of the people she knew and loved stand out in bold relief, brilliantly and originally illumined. It is a magnificently human document, incomplete certainly, and tending to unsatisfactory scrappiness towards its close. But taken all in all, this memorial of hers in her own handwriting will tell the reader more of the glory that was Ellen Terry than could any visit paid to any more ostentatious memorial raised by other hands, however loving.

Towards Standards of Criticism. Selections from 'The Calendar' chosen by F. R. Leavis. Wishart. 5s.

A review implies an estimate of the reviewer's audience as well as a judgment of the book reviewed. Often a book or a series of books, possessing great merits, will by directing excessive attention to the presence of those merits, obscure the absence of others, and after a long course of such literature the reader loses the capacity to appreciate writing less restricted in its method. It may be necessary for the reviewer, therefore, not only to direct attention to certain books and to make easier the appreciation of them, but also to remind the reader of the existence of critical standards at the very moment when he is likely to forget them. To restrict, without inhibiting, the free expansion of enthusiasm, to allow a lively interplay of admiration and dissatisfaction, to depreciate without being petty, and to be just but neither trite nor futile, was a feat attempted by Pope, achieved by Johnson, bungled at times by Coleridge and abandoned *in toto* by contemporary gustators. To bewail the degeneracy of modern taste is frivolous and futile; and from that vice the book compiled by Dr. Leavis is surprisingly free. It was an Elizabethan printer who complained that 'flim flames, and gawes, be they never so slight and slender, are soner lapte up than those which be lettered and clerly makings.' Pope announced that not one gentleman in sixty would understand his *Essay on Criticism*, and it might be argued that the standards of critical activity which Jonson, Dryden, Pope and their successors enunciated were at the best the standards of a small, responsible, compact and envied leisured class, and are inappropriate in an age in which absence of employment is equivalent to boredom and futility.

The *Calendar of Modern Letters* (1925-27) was, with one exception, the only periodical of its time which attempted to maintain those standards. It was edited by two young men, Edgell Rickword and Douglas Garman, and it was necessarily addressed to a small and somewhat intellectual audience: the schoolmasters and engineers and doctors who have enough money to convert spare time into leisure, leisure large enough to

make a continuous course of reading possible, and small enough to make that leisure valuable. The reviews which Dr. Leavis has selected from the acute, astringent pages of the *Calendar*, show clearly the influence of the audience on the reviewer. At first sight C. H. Rickword's reviews of fiction, for example, appear to be peevish and ungenerous: 'Mr. Powys appears to be allowing this resentment at the conventional falsification of rustic life in fiction to distort his work'; 'It is a pity Miss Warner did not confine herself to one convention throughout'; 'Though this is probably the best novel of the season, it cannot be said that Miss Benson has yet written the novel it is to be hoped she one day will'. Closer inspection shows, however, that the *Calendar's* lack of generous enthusiasm was not simply the critical equivalent of the literature of disillusion which, as Mr. Edgell Rickword saw, was then reaching its last stage. It was, in the main, an attempt to place the emphasis at the point which the critic considered most necessary for his audience at that moment. Certain things have changed in the last seven years: today a critical appreciation of Shelley would be more salutary than the continued eulogy of Donne. But the publication of the present book is nevertheless timely: the *Calendar* invariably selected for review books which were likely to make steady progress with the general public; the books which were read by hundreds in 1925 are read by thousands today, and although Mr. Edwin Muir has appropriately graduated from the reviewing staff of the *Calendar* to the more public columns of *THE LISTENER* the propagation of sound criticism proceeds in general more slowly than the diffusion of speciously delightful reading-matter.

Poland. By Roman Dyboski. Benn. 21s.

Professor Dyboski, a Polish historian who is well known to the English public through his activities at the London School of Slavonic and East European Studies some years ago, has contributed a very remarkable book to the Modern World Series, edited by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. His work is a kind of encyclopædia on Polish matters and contains an astonishing amount of valuable information on all the various aspects of Polish national life; it will be particularly welcome at the present moment when events in Germany have rendered the question of Polish-German frontiers more acute than ever. World opinion has been anxiously asking whether the new state of Poland will be strong enough to defend the *status quo* in Eastern Europe as it was created by the Peace Treaties. The first five or six years of the new Polish Republic were not altogether encouraging. Professor Dyboski will have acquired great merit by his success in allaying any such anxiety as to the inner strength of Poland. The first chapters of his book are particularly well written. They are concerned with the historical foundations and the development of the Polish State during the past eight hundred years up to the present day, and history is Professor Dyboski's strong suit. He realises quite rightly that many problems of present-day Poland can hardly be properly understood and appreciated by the English public without at least a superficial knowledge of Polish history. Another chapter which will prove of special interest to the English reader, accustomed as he may have become to hear Poland's name mentioned in connection with some dispute or other brought up before the League of Nations, is that on minorities. It is to be regretted, however, that Professor Dyboski treats this subject rather too much from the historical point of view, and that he did not consider it important enough to include some statistics giving the numerical strength of the various racial and religious minorities. Those, especially in England, who are sincere friends of Poland, would have wished for a more generous attitude towards minorities, both on the part of Poland, and on the part of Professor Dyboski himself. It is rather unfortunate that a Pole, of all people, should speak of the 'troublesome degree of national consciousness' which the non-Polish populations reached in Eastern Europe. It would have been interesting to learn from Professor Dyboski in greater detail what Poland is doing for her minorities in the way of education and general culture, and what facilities are offered to them in the administration of the country; whether there is any attempt at a local autonomy of the minorities, etc.: also a survey of the minorities press, if any, would have been useful.

Marshal Pilsudski's personality looms largely in the book, which is perhaps all to the good, since this curiously shy dictator has not always been well understood in this country. It is early yet to appreciate justly the enormous share which Pilsudski had in saving Poland from complete political and economic collapse in 1926, and in putting his country safely on the way to progress and recovery. Professor Dyboski goes a long way, however, to show the great number of people of outstanding capabilities who have come forward in Poland during recent years in all branches of public activity, and their considerable achievements in the field of economics, scientific research, art, and literature. Although a patriotic bias is unavoidable in Professor Dyboski's book, the general impression obtained is that Poland has achieved remarkable success in trying to solve the innumerable difficulties which beset its path in the early years of its independent existence, and that the way is now fairly clear towards further consolidation.

New Novels

Ordinary Families. By E. Arnot Robertson. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Cloud Howe. By Lewis Grassie Gibbons. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

Mr. J. Jay. By Frank Aldworth. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

MISS ARNOT ROBERTSON is a very intelligent writer. She sees with her own eyes and portrays character originally, without the slickness that is the curse of contemporary fiction and that can produce nothing but well turned-out stock figures. She feels with a directness that cuts through all false or second-hand sentiment. She has a style which, if occasionally careless, is always nervously alive. She is sincere without self-consciousness and tolerant without superiority. These qualities make *Ordinary Families* an exceptional pleasure to read. It has the same effect as one of its characters, the too charming Mrs. Macdonald, is supposed to have: of lifting one to a rare level of intelligence. Yet one cannot help feeling, after having finished the book, that the author has not got the most she could have got out of her combination of fine gifts.

The story is that of Lallie Rush from her childhood until her marriage, and it gives a vivid and amusing picture of three families who live in the little seaside village of Pin Mill in Norfolk: the Rushes themselves, who are a good-looking, open-air, yachting family, the Cottrells, who are musical and intellectual, and the Guests, consisting of a clever eccentric father and a stupid and conventional son and daughter. The general passion for yachting, Lallie's solitary passion for birds, the changes in the uneasy relations between the Rushes and the Cottrells, relations founded on unwilling appreciation and tacit dislike, provide the background for the first two-thirds of the story, which is managed with deliberate casualness and considerable skill. All the characters in this part, except Mr. Guest, who is never quite comprehensible, are delightfully vivid and fresh. Then Gordon Summers, a stranger to the place, comes into Lallie's life and the story, bringing after him Esther Macdonald, his former mistress and still his friend; and suddenly the author's fine sense of proportion deserts her. There are touches of exquisite truth in the love scenes between Gordon and Lallie; nevertheless Gordon remains nothing more than a lover, and Esther Macdonald nothing more than a past object of his love. The other characters we see in the round; they exist on a number of levels and in relation to a number of interests; but Gordon lives only in relation to Lallie, and Esther Macdonald only in relation to him. This is natural enough, and can be explained by the fact that Lallie herself is the teller of the story. Yet some device could have been found for avoiding this abrupt displacement of proportion, for at least suggesting that Lallie was no longer the more or less objective narrator.

This is the main fault of the book; there is also an occasional looseness of imagination, as when Lallie records in full a conversation she had had with Mr. Guest several years before the time of writing: 'In moments of social embarrassment consider the ramifications of the figure 2. . . . Interesting to notice how often this particular numeral occurs in calculations of unknown immensity. For instance, there are two million extra-galactic nebulae, each averaging two thousand million suns careering about outer space', and so on for half a page or so. One has to make concessions to imaginary tellers of stories, and one should be content if they report past conversations with a rough degree of verisimilitude; but such an exact reproduction of a scientific disquisition which the hearer did not understand at the time is unaccountable. The fault is really more serious than it seems, for it momentarily destroys, in the most matter-of-fact way, our belief in what we are reading. Miss Arnot Robertson's imagination is occasionally careless in this way.

But the virtues of the novel far outweigh its faults. Most of the characters are astonishingly lifelike and intimate. The unconscious rivalry between Lallie and her younger sister Margaret is indicated with great skill. Margaret herself, who appears very seldom and always decisively, who remains an enigma and yet is something more devastatingly definite than any of the others, is perfectly drawn. There are many other things that could be praised in the story: the account of the regatta, the exquisite pages about the wild birds and their habits, and countless brief touches whose point would be lost in quotation, but in their context are extremely witty. Among the funniest episodes is Basil Guest's ludicrous courtship of Lallie: '... Because if a fellow's got the least respect for a girl—a fellow that isn't a complete swine, that is ... Regards it as something pretty sacred. I mean, quite different from any other affairs he may have had. . . . The novel is not so good as it should have been, because of a touch of haphazardness and the decline of interest when the hero appears; but it is the work of an unusually talented and sincere writer.

In coming to *Cloud Howe* one feels at once that the level of intelligence required from the reader has sunk. Miss Arnot Robertson would be incapable of writing such lyrical generalities as these:

So she'd heard it all as she sat knee-clasped, there, in the play of the wind and the sun, a tale so old—oh, old as the Howe, everlasting near as the granite hills, this thing that brought men and women together, to bring new life, to seek new birth, on and on since the world had begun. And it seemed to Chris it was not Cis alone, her tale—but all tales she harkened to then, kisses and kindness and the pain of love, sharp and sweet, terrible, dark, and wild, queer beauty of the hands of men, and their lips, and the sleeps of desire fulfilled, and the dark, strange movements of awareness alone, when it came on women what thing they carried, darkling, coming to life within them, new life to replenish the earth again, to come to being in the windy Howe where the cloud-ships sailed to the unseen south.

Mr. Gibbons can go on like that for a long time in a hypnotic anapaestic chant, signifying nothing or something which would sound outrageously sentimental or obvious in ordinary language. It is not that he is without intelligence; he simply shuts his eyes with determination every now and then and relapses into a trance into which he tries to lure his readers with him. The beginnings of this habit could be seen in *Sunset Song*: in the present volume, which is a sequel to that story, it has disastrously grown and elbowed out a great deal of the author's delightful Rabelaisian humour. Whether there is any connection between the two facts it is hard to say; but in *Cloud Howe* the lyricism has grown sweeter and the humour bitterer. The book continues the story of Chris Guthrie, now the wife of the Reverend Robert Colquhoun in the little spinning town of Segget. The picture that Mr. Gibbons draws of the inhabitants of that little place is consistently sordid and mean and should logically lead to complete disillusionment with human nature. It is a Scottish equivalent of Mr. T. F. Powys' picture of South English rustic life, without, however, implying the conclusion about existence that Mr. Powys did not hesitate to draw. Nevertheless, the part of the book dealing with the ignominious humours of the Segget people is admirable, except for an occasional over-eagerness to prove that they are worse than they could well have been. The part dealing with Chris Colquhoun and her husband, on the other hand, is quite unconvincing, and consists mainly of an infuriating and persistent lilt. Robert tries to 'save' Segget; then he throws in his lot with the Socialists; then he withdraws from his wife and the world, begins to see visions, and finally collapses one Sunday in the pulpit and dies, as he has lived, melodramatically. How a man of Mr. Gibbons' gifts can write such things is a mystery. One feels that the style with its delusive lilt is partly to blame. In *Sunset Song* it was a servant which did not always obey him; in the present book it has become his master. It is an excellent medium for describing picturesquely the rude humours of Scottish life; but it is quite inadequate to deal with the more subtle problems of the emotions, because it has not the necessary exactitude. Nevertheless, Mr. Gibbons is a talented writer; the style he has invented is at its best apt, powerful and original; and not even the fact that he blinds himself periodically with rhetoric can conceal that he is very much in earnest. Fundamentally—if one is to take the author seriously—*Cloud Howe* is an unusually bad novel; but it is worth reading for its realistic and humorous passages.

Mr. J. Jay is also an unusually bad novel. It is badly written and badly put together. It also seems to be derivative, for the many resemblances between it and Franz Kafka's *The Castle* are so striking that one finds it difficult to attribute them to pure coincidence. This would not matter in the least if Mr. Aldworth had invested Kafka's fascinating inventions with a new meaning. But he reduces them to commonplace. A man comes to a strange town, is offered an empty post by a shadowy authority, hits by chance on work of real value and a woman who makes him happy, loses her, once more by chance, gets diverted into the path of trivial success, and at last, when the woman returns to him, does not recognise her and dismisses her with the offer of an autographed volume of his poems, which she refuses. Ragged ends of allegory are left sticking out everywhere. Yet in the first few chapters particularly Mr. Aldworth shows that he has an imagination and can evoke atmosphere. *Mr. J. Jay* is crude even for a first novel, and it falls away lamentably; but it has this glimmer of imagination.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Union Square*, by Albert Halper (Cassell); *Water On the Brain*, by Compton Mackenzie (Cassell); and *Name of Gentleman*, by Barbara Willard (Howe)—all 7s. 6d.

This Week's Crossword

No. 178—'Cross-number VII'

By AFRIT

Prize: Canterbury Puzzles. By H. E. Dudeney (Nelson, 3s. 6d). Closing date: First post on Tuesday, August 15.

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NAME

ADDRESS

ALTERNATIVE PRIZE

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1, 4, 7. Three numbers in Arithmetical Progression, any two of which are together equal to a square.
- 11, 13. Second and third terms of a Geometrical Progression whose limiting sum is 9 Down.
- 14. Side AB of a triangle ABC whose angle A is twice its angle B. See 23 Across and 16 Down.
- 15. Product of a number and the number obtained by adding its square to three times another square. See 2 Down.
- 17. Diagonal of a parallelogram whose other diagonal is 33 Down, and adjacent sides respectively 28 and 32 Across.
- 19, 22. See 8, 10 Down.
- 23. One-twelfth of the side BC of the triangle whose side AB is 14 Across.
- 24. Side AC of the triangle ABC whose area is eight times 45 Across.
- 25. A quarter of the area of a right-angled triangle ABC whose hypotenuse AB is one thousand less than 12 Down with its last two digits transposed. See also 4 and 12 Down.
- 28, 32. See 17.
- 29. One-seventh of 43 Across expressed in the scale of seven.
- 30. Side BC of a cyclic quadrilateral ABCD whose angle A is twice its angle C. See also 41 Across and 23, 27, 31, 40 Down.
- 32. See 17.
- 34. Six times the product of two primes which, increased and diminished respectively by one, appear again as the middle four and last two digits of the answer.
- 37. Four times the side AB of the triangle whose area is eight times 45 Across.
- 39. A number which, increased by twice 26 Down, is equal to two hundred less than twice its own reverse.
- 41. Side AB of the quadrilateral whose side BC is 30 Across.
- 43. Product of two primes. See 29 Across.
- 44. Side AB of a triangle ABC whose vertical angle A is bisected by a straight line AD meeting the base in D. See 35, 36, 39 Down.
- 45. One-eighth of the area of the triangle ABC whose dimensions are given by 24, 37 Across and 38 Down.
- 46. Sum of two numbers which are such that the sum of their squares is equal to the cube of 21 Down, and the sum of their cubes is equal to the square of fifty-seven times the square of 21 Down.

DOWN

- 1. A number which, diminished by 2 Down, is equal to twice 18 Down.
- 2. A number which, increased by 1 Down, is equal to twice 15 Across.
- 3. First term of a Geometrical Progression whose limiting sum is 9 Down.
- 4. Side BC of the right-angled triangle whose area is four times 25 Across.
- 5. Eleven times the prime number which exceeds 6 Down by ten times a prime.
- 6. Product of three primes, or reverse of the product of three primes. See 5.
- 8. See 10.
- 9. Limiting sum of the Geometrical Progression whose first three terms are 3 Down, 11 Across, 13 Across.
- 10. A number whose reciprocal exceeds the reciprocal of 8 Down by twenty-five times the sum of the reciprocals of 22 Across and four times 19 Across.
- 12. One thousand more than the side AC of the right-angled triangle whose area is four times 25 Across.
- 16. One-twelfth of the side AC of the triangle whose side AB is 14 Across.
- 18. A number formed in the same manner as 15 Across, the two basic numbers of 15 Across being interchanged. See 1 Down.
- 20. A number which exceeds its reverse by nine times the reverse of 40 Down.
- 21. See 46 Across.
- 23. Side AD of the quadrilateral whose side BC is 30 Across.
- 26. Defect of 42 Down from ten times a seventh power; or the sum of 42 Down reversed and ten times a cube. See also 39 Across.

- 27, 31. Diagonals BD, AC of the quadrilateral whose side BC is 30 Across.
- 33. Diagonal of the parallelogram whose other diagonal is 17 Across.
- 35. Base BC of the triangle referred to in 44 Across.
- 36. Twice the straight line AD in the above triangle.
- 37. Product of three consecutive primes.
- 38. Side BC of the triangle ABC whose area is eight times 45 Across.
- 39. Side AC of the triangle referred to in 44 Across.
- 40. Side CD of the quadrilateral whose side BC is 30 Across. See also 20 Down.
- 42. See 26 Down.

(Next week: Greek Crossword, by Janus)

Report on Crossword No. 176

A very difficult crossword, which demanded some research. The two technical words at 7 and 21 Down caused the most trouble. We do not know EIGOL, but ZARNIC, which is 'nearly all' sulphide of arsenic, though not technically correct, seems a worthy substitute for CARNIC. Most competitors divined the missing all in 5 Down, thus avoiding the PITF(ALL), and the merely suggestive clue to FAITH (11 Down) caused little difficulty. The mantle of King Solomon has fallen upon E. Handscomb (London), from whom 'nothing was hid', and we award a prize also to H. A. Scutt (Sheffield), who gave the alternative ZARNIC in 21 Down.

NOTES

Diagonals: QUEEN OF SHEBA; KING OF ISRAEL.
Across: 9. Sing. of Rubai-yat; 10. 'Potatoes and point'; 12. Originally (and literally) gardeners; 13. Lalage (Horace); 14. L-oof; 16. Broad (Norfolk); Doab; 18. Anag. tonea; 26. Anag. lola; 32. Giambeaux; 33. To dress with a muffler or barb; 'All ladies down to the degree of a baroness to be barbed above the chin' (Planché); 34. Chinchin! (Breed of domestic fowl).
Down: 3, 2 Sam. xii. 27; 4. Billiards; 5. Pitf-all; 7, 1, ego; 9. See the definition in Chambers; 12. (C)antab; 17. Ber(sag)lieri; 19. Scarf; 20. A Scandal in Bohemia (Conan Doyle); 21. Designating an acid said to be identical with antipeptone (Webster); 23. Anag. carve; 25. Anag. mails; 28. Pisgah (Deut. xxxiv. 1).

Q	U	A	R	R	E	L	P	A	N	E	K
R	U	B	A	I	P	O	I	N	T	I	N
O	F	E	B	B	O	S	T	A	N	G	I
L	A	L	E	A	G	E	F	G	O	O	F
L	I	M	E	N	D	R	O	A	B	N	E
E	T	O	N	A	O	F	C	P	E	A	B
R	H	S	C	T	I	F	F	O	R	D	O
T	V	K	A	S	S	O	L	L	A		
O	A	T	R	S	A	C	A	H	I	E	R
W	R	A	N	G	L	E	R	B	E	R	D
E	E	G	I	A	M	B	A	R	B	S	
L	C	O	C	H	I	N	C	H	I	N	A

The Forest

(Continued from page 186)

God—send death upon her". Well, at last, she, too, seemed to grow weary. I waylaid the filthy thing on a low branch and hurled a stick at her—she dropped down, crawled upon the ground awhile—but I was afraid to take her up in my arms and threw another stick at her—she just "miauwled", and it was all up with her. "Well", I said to myself, "curse it, nothing left for me but carry it away". Nothing came of the business with her mistress—she gave me seven pennies instead of ten roubles—"I don't need her dead body", she said. And then began the torture of my life. If the church is plundered, straight to me they come, grabbing me by the scruff of the neck: "Petrukha, go ahead and look for the robbers, you know the woods". A runaway appears in the neighbourhood or a horse-thief; again I'm sent out to look for 'em. If people come here a-hunting, I've got to accompany them. And so, summer and winter, I'm doomed to roam about—yes. And my own house and land remain neglected. The police inspector, the policeman, all call me witness. "Why, you know the forest, you fool!" It's gone so far that I, myself, have submitted to the delusion and believe that I know it. I start out bravely, but as soon as I get inside, I see: "No, I know nothing of it at all". But I couldn't admit it to the others. I'd be too ashamed. There's no counting the people I've brought here. There came once a learned man from Moscow. I was told to show him about. To me this man appeared to be like the monkey, although he was a grave man with a beard. He wandered and wandered about and there was no finding out what it was he wanted. He sniffed at the grass and muttered to himself. After a good deal of trouble I brought him to the village of Karacharovo where 'Tlja Murometz' was born; but we rambled for at least three days and three nights. He swore at me. As for me, beg your pardon, I had a longing to bang him on the head with my stick, so fed up with him had I become. No, no, I am not fond of that forest; great miseries grow in it for me.

Looking with unfriendliness at the black circle of trees, inside which we sat at the bottom of an abyss, our guide added this to his anecdotal tale:

'Besides, I am shortsighted from my birth. Afar—I can see all right, but everything is covered with a mist when I look close at it. Shame pushes me to put all the blame on the hares, saying that it's them who lead me astray'.

A little the worse for drink, he smiled serenely at us with his grey eyes and, peeling an egg, shook his head, saying: 'I plead guilty before the hares'.

*Hero of Russian folk-lore

Summary of Programmes

National (Daventry) Programme

Daventry 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.); Northern (N.N.)—995 kc/s (301.5 m.); Scottish (S.N.)—1,040 kc/s (288.5 m)
Full details of the programmes will be found in THE RADIO TIMES

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13

10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.30.—Orchestra and Constance Astington (Soprano) (*from Birmingham*). 1.30.—Pianoforte Recital by Adelaide Newman. 2.0.—Gramophone Records.

2.45.—Orchestra and Thelma Tuson (Soprano). 3.45.—Music by Coleridge Taylor. Thorpe Bates (Baritone) and Peggy Male (Pianoforte). 4.15.—Orchestral Concert. Percy Manchester (Tenor) and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 5.30.—The St. David's Singers: Madrigals and Folk-songs.

6.0.—Bible Reading. 6.30.—Service in Welsh (*W.R. Programme*). 7.55.—Service from St. Martin-in-the-Fields. 8.45.—Appeal on behalf of the Church Army, by Mr. Gerald Barry.

8.50.—News. 9.5.—Carolare: A time when all join in the singing of favourite Hymns and Sacred Songs. By the Choir of the Cardiff Musical Society. 9.30.—Gershwin Parkington Quintet.

10.30.—Epilogue. 10.43.—The Silent Fellowship (*W.R. Programme*).

MONDAY, AUGUST 14

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra (*from Manchester*).

1.45.—Gramophone Records. 3.0.—The Bernard Crook Quintet. 3.45.—Orchestra and Joseph Hepton (Violin) (*N.R. Programme*). 4.45.—Gramophone Records.

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.20.—England v. West Indies. Eye-witness account by Howard Marshall of the Third Test Match, relayed from the Oval.

6.30.—Gueda Waller and Vera Maconochie in Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth-Century Music: assisted by Hilda Pitcairn (Pianoforte) and Joseph Slater (Flute). 7.0.—Hungarian Light Music.

8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Wagner Programme. May Blyth (Soprano), Walter Widdop (Tenor), and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

9.40.—News. 10.0.—Farmers' Talk: the Rt. Hon. Major Walter Elliot (*from Glasgow*). 10.15.—Reading. 10.20.—Dance Music.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra. 1.30.—Orchestra (*M.R. Programme*).

2.15.—Light Classical Concert. Dulcie Nutting (Soprano) and the Portland String Quartet. 3.0.—Gramophone Records. 4.15.—Orchestra.

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.20.—England v. West Indies. Eye-witness account by Howard Marshall of the Third Test Match, relayed from the Oval.

6.30.—B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 7.30.—Sing-Song, from the Sussex Boys' Camp, Plashett Park, Isfield. 8.0.—Violoncello Recital by Rita Sharpe.

8.25.—'Nine Days' Wonder', relayed from the stage of the Theatre at the Radio Exhibition, Olympia. 9.40.—News. 10.0.—Organ Recital by G. D. Cunningham. 10.30.—Reading. 12.35.—Dance Music.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra (*M.R. Programme*).

1.30.—Orchestra. 2.15.—Gramophone Records. 3.0.—Pianoforte Interlude by Ernest Lush. 3.15.—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. 4.45.—Organ (*N.R. Programme*).

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Callender's Band and Leonard Salisbury (Bass). 7.30.—Leslie Bridge-water Harp Quintet.

8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Bach Programme. Elsie Suddaby (Soprano), Keith Falkner (Baritone), Eda Kersey (Violin), and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

9.40.—News. 10.0.—B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 10.55.—Reading. 11.0.—Dance Music.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Orchestra. 1.15.—Gramophone Records. 2.15.—Orchestra (*from Birmingham*).

3.0.—Westminster Abbey Evensong. 3.45.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*). 4.45.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*).

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Medvedeff's Balalaika Orchestra with Nadjeine (Bass). 7.0.—The Bernard Crook Quintet and Muriel Gale (Contralto).

8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Miscellaneous Programme. Lælia Finneberg (Soprano), Marcelle Meyer (Pianoforte), and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

9.40.—News. 10.0.—Talk. 10.20.—Reading. 10.25.—Dance Music.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Organ Recital by C. H. Trevor.

12.45.—Orchestra. 1.45.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*). 2.15.—Gramophone Records. 3.0.—Orchestra and Dorothy Richards (Contralto) (*M.R. Programme*). 4.15.—Orchestra.

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Variety. 7.45.—Pianoforte Interlude by Cecil Dixon. 8.0.—Play: 'Robert E. Lee' (John Drinkwater).

9.40.—News. 10.0.—The Serge Krish Septet. 10.55.—Reading. 11.0.—Dance Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Weather Forecast. 12.0.—Band of 11th Hussars (*from Birmingham*). 12.45.—Gramophone Records. 1.15.—Orchestra.

1.45.—Running Commentary on the International Ulster Grand Prix Motor Cycle Race.

2.45.—Gramophone Records. 3.30.—Orchestra and Margaret Rees (Soprano) (*N.R. Programme*).

4.30.—Running Commentary on the International Ulster Grand Prix Motor Cycle Race.

5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News. 6.30.—Sports Talk. Athletics at the White City. Great Britain v. Germany. Eye-witness account by Mr. H. M. Abrahams.

6.45.—Welsh Interlude. Recital of Welsh Songs by Blodwen Caerleon (*W.R. Programme*). 7.5.—B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C) and Marcelle Meyer (Pianoforte). 8.0.—Gramophone Records.

8.25.—Variety. 9.40.—News. 10.0.—Reading. 10.5.—Dance Music.

Regional Programme

London—842 kc/s (356.3 m.); Midland (M.R.)—752 kc/s (398.9 m.); Western (W.R.)—968 kc/s (309.9 m.); Northern (N.R.)—626 kc/s (479.2 m.); Scottish Region (S.R.)—797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

Unless otherwise stated, the items refer to the London Regional Programme only

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13

12.30.—Daventry Programme. 3.45.—Chamber Music. Anne Thurfield (Mezzo-Soprano) and The Griller String Quartet. 5.0.—Reading from Classical Literature.

7.55.—8.50.—Daventry Programme. 8.50.—News.

9.5.—Concert from Ostend. The Kursaal Orchestra and Elsa Ruhlmann (Soprano). 10.30.—Epilogue.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*). 1.0.—Gramophone Records.

2.0.—Orchestra (*M.R. Programme*). 3.0.—8.0.—Daventry Programme.

8.0.—'Songs of the Sea': Recital of Folk-songs and Ditties to be found upon our Northern Coasts today, sung by The Felling Male Voice Choir, with Archie Armstrong (Baritone) (*N.R. Programme*).

8.45.—Pianoforte Interlude by Cecil Dixon. 9.0.—News.

9.15.—B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C) and Betty Thompson (Mezzo-Soprano). 10.30.—Dance Music.

11.0.—M.R. Television Transmission.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Gramophone Records. 1.0.—Organ (*M.R. Programme*). 1.45.—Band (*M.R. Programme*). 2.30.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*).

3.0.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Tchaikovsky Programme. Moiseiwitsch (Pianoforte) and The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

9.40.—News. 10.0.—Dance Music. 11.0.—M.R. Television Transmission.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*).

12.45.—Gramophone Records. 1.15.—Organ. (*M.R. Programme*).

2.15.—Orchestra (*M.R. Programme*). 5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.

8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—'Blackpool on Parade': A sightseeing Tour by Microphone (*N.R. Programme*). 9.0.—News.

9.15.—Play: 'Robert E. Lee' (John Drinkwater). W.R. Welsh Concert. Ethel Gomer-Lewis (Soprano), Alwyn Jones (Penillion) and the Penallta Colliery Workmen's Silver Prize Band. 10.45.—Dance Music.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Organ (*N.R. Programme*). 12.45.—Ballad Concert (*S.R. Programme*). 2.0.—Orchestra (*M.R. Programme*).

3.0.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—Shrewsbury Floral Fête. The Massed Bands of His Majesty's Life Guards, His Majesty's Coldstream Guards and His Majesty's Irish Guards (*M.R. Programme*). 9.0.—News.

9.15.—Orchestral Concert. Megan Thomas (Soprano) and The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 10.30.—Dance Music.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Daventry Programme. 12.0.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*). 1.15.—Gramophone Records. 2.0.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*).

3.0.—8.0.—Daventry Programme. 8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Beethoven Programme. Evelyn Scotney (Soprano), Solomon (Pianoforte) and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

9.40.—News. 10.0.—Dance Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19

10.15.—Service. 10.30.—3.30.—Daventry Programme.

3.30.—Orchestra (*N.R. Programme*). 4.30.—Gramophone Records. 4.45.—Organ.

5.15.—8.0.—Daventry Programme.

8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Miscellaneous Programme. Elsie Boardman (Contralto), Ben Williams (Tenor), Irene Scharrer

(Pianoforte) and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry Wood. 9.40.—News. 10.0.—Dance Music.

This is the time of year when holiday-makers are on the look out for light reading of all kinds: books to devour in deck chairs or on the seashore. Those whose taste in light literature runs in the field of crime and its detection may be reminded that Rich and Cowan, Ltd., have just reissued a number of books originally published at 18s. at the modest price of 9d. each. The first six of the 'True Crime Series', as it is called, are as follows: *Rope, Knife and Chair and Guilty or not Guilty*, by Guy B. Logan; *Twelve Monstrous Criminals*, by Philip B. Barry; *Splendid Sons of Sin*, by Dr. A. S. Rappoport; *Queer Fish and Sidelights on Criminal Matters*, by John C. Goodwin. Each volume contains about 125 pages, and is bound in paper covers.

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